

SENSATIONAL!! THE SON OF THE SKULL VS. THE BLACK HOOD

NO.
6

JACKPOT

10¢

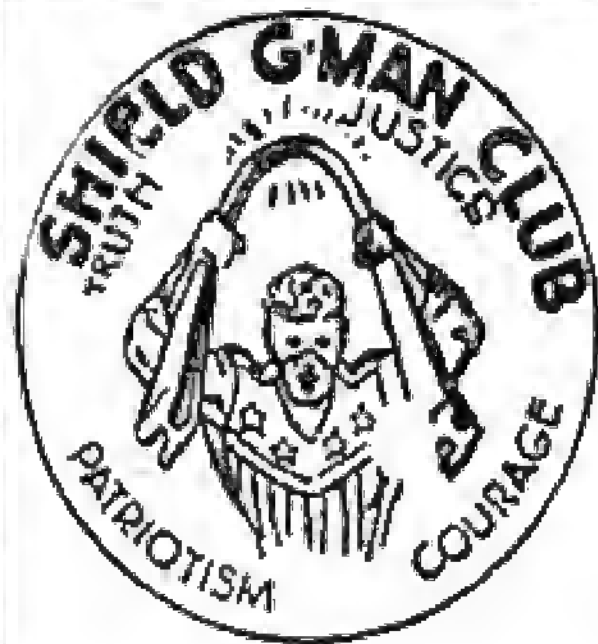
comics

SUMMER
ISSUE

WILL STEEL STERLING THWART
THE BLOODY JAPS AND
NAZI RATS?



[illegible]



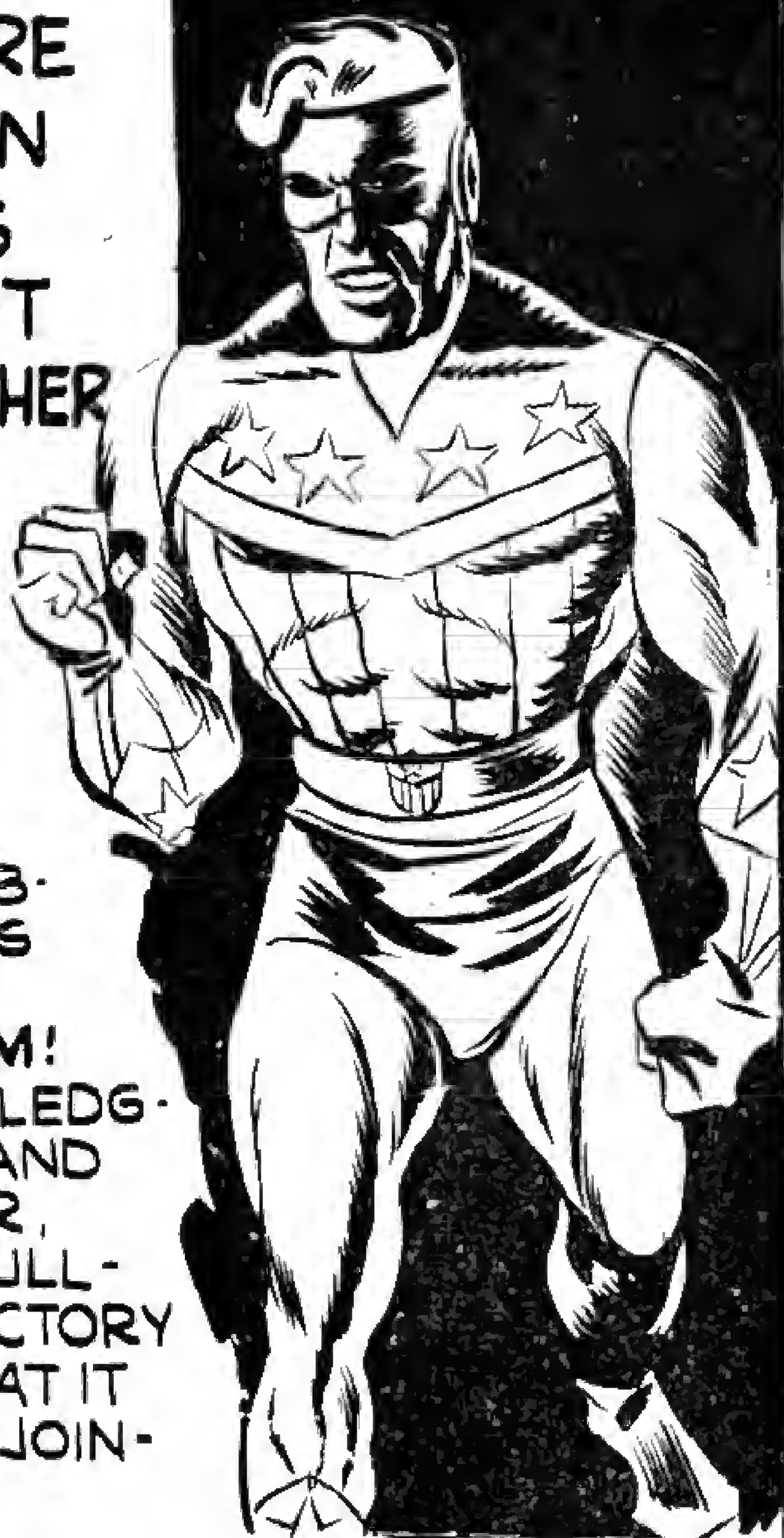
**WE ARE
ALL IN
THIS
FIGHT
TOGETHER
!!!!**

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

**NOW, MORE THAN
EVER YOU SHOULD BE
PROUD TO WEAR THIS
BADGE! IT MEANS MORE
THAN BEING JUST A CLUB-
MEMBER NOW! IT MEANS
SUBSCRIBING TO THE
IDEALS OF AMERICANISM!
IT MEANS THAT WE ARE PLEDG-
ING OURSELVES TO STAND
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER,
WORKING TOGETHER, PULL-
ING TOGETHER, UNTIL VICTORY
IS OURS. IN SHORT WHAT IT
AMOUNTS TO IS THAT JOIN-
ING THE **SHIELD
G-MAN CLUB****

IS

**JOINING
THE ALL-OUT
DRIVE FOR
VICTORY!**



JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR
NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH
10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of
the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am
enclosing this coupon together with
Ten Cents to cover the costs of
handling and mailing my Badge and
Identification Card.

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

STEEL STERLING

MAN OF STEEL

WE SEE IT, BUT WE STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! STEEL STERLING INTERVENING FOR HIS DEADLIEST Foe... BARON GESTAPO! AND A NATION IS A GHAST, HAS THE MAN OF STEEL TURNED AGAINST THEM? THEIR MOST POWERFUL ALLY NOW THEIR ENEMY? HERE IS A COMPLETELY NEW - COMPLETELY DIFFERENT KIND OF STORY WITH AN ENDING THAT'LL SHOCK YOU OUT OF YOUR SEATS. A STORY OF SACRIFICE AS TYPICALLY AMERICAN AS THE FLAG ITSELF. A STORY OF A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY?!



© 1944 Warner Bros. Inc.

IN NAZIDOM... "DISGRACE-
TO-THE-HUMAN-RACE"
NUMBER ONE... FUMES
AND FETS HYSTERI-
CALLY...

I VILL
HAF MY OWN
VAY! NOTHING
VILL STOP ME!
BARON GESTAPO
IS VITAL TO MY
PLANS!

AND IN WASHINGTON...

STERLING, IF FOR NO
OTHER REASON, OUR
NATION OWES YOU A
VOTE OF THANKS FOR
PUTTING THAT MALI-
NANT BARON GESTAPO
BEHIND BARS!

THANK YOU,
MR. PRESIDENT!

SUDDENLY THE
PHONE RINGS...

HELLO!
WHAT?
HITLER'S
ON THE
PHONE
?

VE HAF
CAPTURED
YOUR GENERAL
MCIVOR... I VISH
TO EXCHANGE
HIM FOR ONE
OF OUR MEN
YOU HAF
IN AMERIKA!

NO! NO!
I DON'T WANT A
GERMAN CONSUL OR
AMBASSADOR.....
I MUST HAF
BARON
GESTAPO!

BAH! DER SCHWEIN... DEY ARE GOING TO
SHOOT HIM AT SUNRISE. HOW DARE DEY
DO DOT! DON'T DEY KNOW ONLY CHERMANS
CAN ACT AND PUNISH SWIFTLY.. VOT'S
COME OFER DER
DEMOCRATIC
FOOLS?

MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE...

AW, GIVE US
REPORTERS A
BREAK! WHAT
ARE STEEL
STERLING AND
THE PRESI-
DENT TALK-
ING ABOUT?

SORRY, BOYS,
YOU'LL HAVE
TO WAIT TO
FIND OUT!

AT THAT
MOMENT

ALL RIGHT, MR.
PRESIDENT, IF THAT'S
YOUR FINAL WORD I ACCEPT
IT! BUT BLUNTLY, I DIS-
AGREE WITH YOUR
SENTIMENTS!

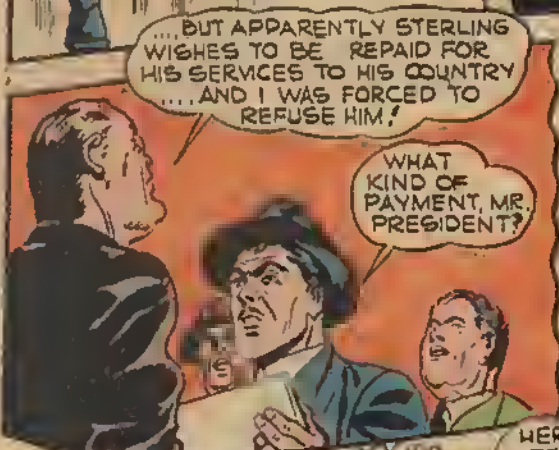


WHAT'S UP STEEL?
WHAT ARE YOU
SORE ABOUT?

CRIPES!
LOOK AT HIM!
HOW ABOUT A
STATEMENT,
STEEL?



OUT OF MY WAY - I'VE NOTHING TO
TELL YOU! IF YOU WANT SOMETHING
TO PRINT, ASK THE PRESIDENT!

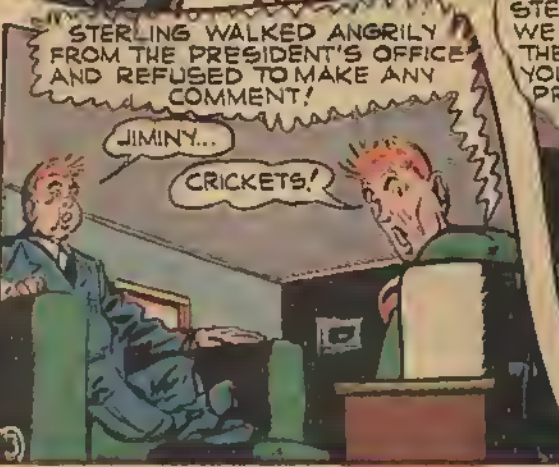


...BUT APPARENTLY STERLING
WISHES TO BE REPAID FOR
HIS SERVICES TO HIS COUNTRY
...AND I WAS FORCED TO
REFUSE HIM!

WHAT
KIND OF
PAYMENT, MR.
PRESIDENT?



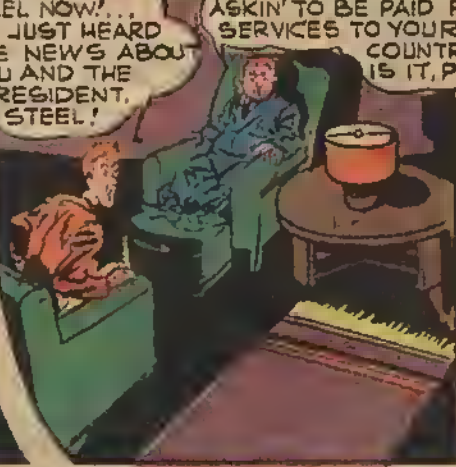
FLASH! HERE'S AN
ITEM HOT FROM THE
WHITE HOUSE! THE
PRESIDENT REFUSED
STEEL STERLING AN
AMBASSADOR -
SHIP!



STERLING WALKED ANGRILY
FROM THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
AND REFUSED TO MAKE ANY
COMMENT!

JIMINY...

CRICKETS!



HERE COMES
STEEL NOW!...
WE JUST HEARD
THE NEWS ABOUT
YOU AND THE
PRESIDENT,
STEEL!

IT AIN'T TRUE ABOUT YOU
ASKIN' TO BE PAID FOR
SERVICES TO YOUR
COUNTRY,
IS IT, PAL?

WHY
NOT?



DON'T BE ANGRY, STEEL! THIS COUNTRY WILL ALWAYS CALL ON YOU WHEN IT NEEDS YOU! JUST BE PATRIOTIC CAUSE... GEE, WH... GEE, WH... WHAT'S COME OVER YA?

CAN THE CHATTER CLANCY! DON'T YOU GIVE ME THAT PATRIOTIC GEE, WH... GEE, WH... WHAT'S COME OVER YA?



G-GEE, STEEL! I'M JUST GETTING SMART, THAT'S ALL! LOOK, YOU'RE MY PALS, AREN'T YOU?

G-GEE, STEEL! I'M JUST GETTING SMART, THAT'S ALL! LOOK, YOU'RE MY PALS, AREN'T YOU?

YOU KNOW WE ARE, STEEL!

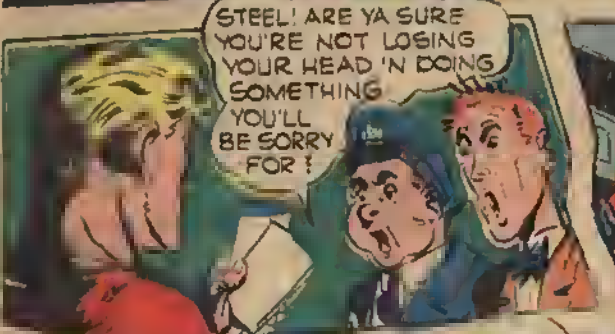


OKAY, THEN PROVE IT-I WANT YOU TO GO ON AN ERRAND FOR ME!

SURE, STEEL! WHERE TO?



TO PORTUGAL! AND DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! I'VE WRITTEN DOWN THE PEOPLE I WANT YOU TO CONTACT FOR ME! BETTER GET ON THE CLIPPER IN DISGUISE... JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE... WILL YOU DO IT?



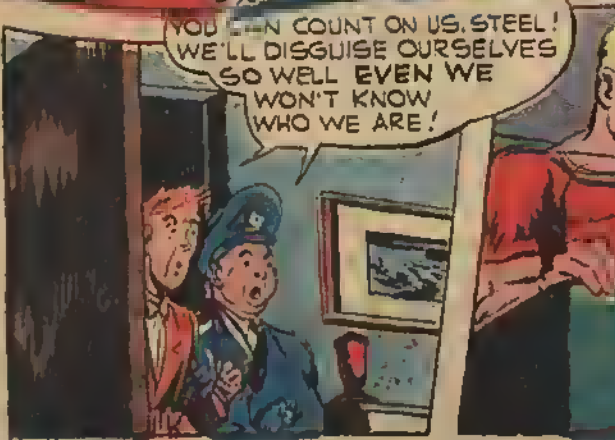
STEEL! ARE YA SURE YOU'RE NOT LOSING YOUR HEAD 'N DOING SOMETHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR?



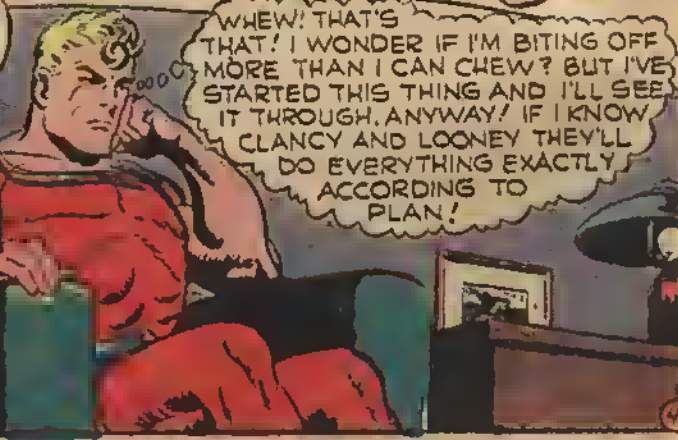
LOOK! EITHER DO IT AND GET STARTED OR DON'T AND GET OUT!

OKAY, STEEL, OKAY!

DON'T GET SORE, PAL!



YOU CAN COUNT ON US, STEEL! WE'LL DISGUISE OURSELVES SO WELL EVEN WE WON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE!



WHEW! THAT'S THAT! I WONDER IF I'M BITING OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW? BUT I'VE STARTED THIS THING AND I'LL SEE IT THROUGH, ANYWAY! IF I KNOW CLANCY AND LOONEY THEY'LL DO EVERYTHING EXACTLY ACCORDING TO PLAN!

LATER, AT THE AIRPORT

STOP BRAGGIN' FATSO.

SUDDENLY

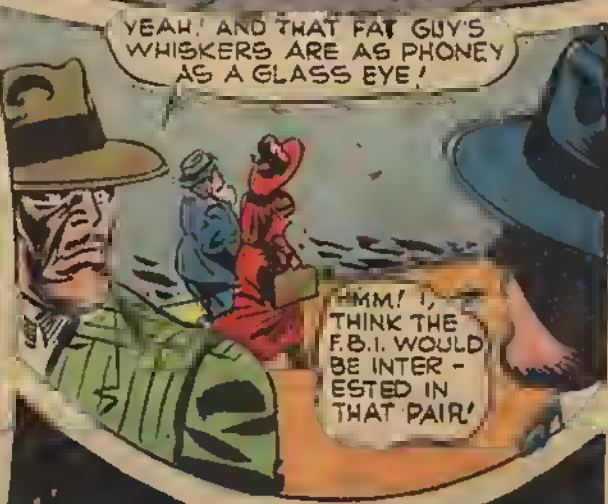
BOY, I DISGUISED MYSELF SO GOOD I EVEN FEEL LIKE AN OLD MAN, LOONEY!

FATSO, DIDN'T A KID WANNA HELP ME ACROSS THE STREET BEFORE?



IKK. DID YA GET A LOAD OF THE OLD DAME WITH THE PANTS UNDERNEATH!

YEAH! AND THAT FAT GUY'S WHISKERS ARE AS PHONEY AS A GLASS EYE!



HMM! I THINK THE F.B.I. WOULD BE INTERESTED IN THAT PAIR!

HA! HA! WE SURE FOOLED 'EM THAT TIME! WOULD OF LIFTED THE CLAUDS, CLANCY!

YEAH? I'D HATE TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE



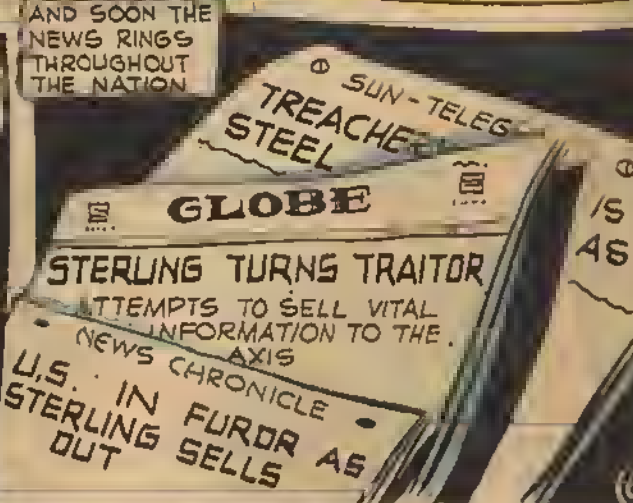
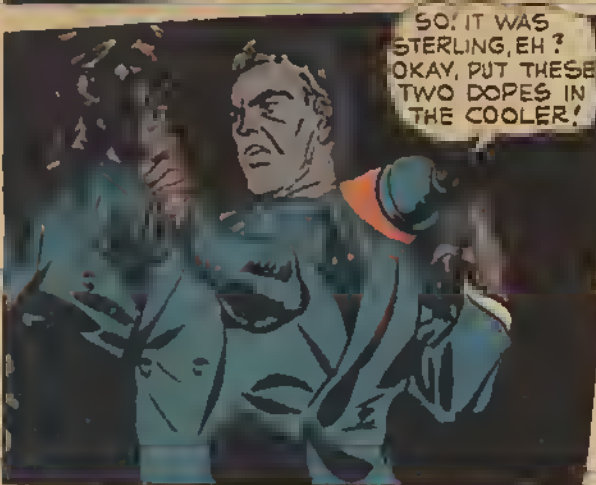
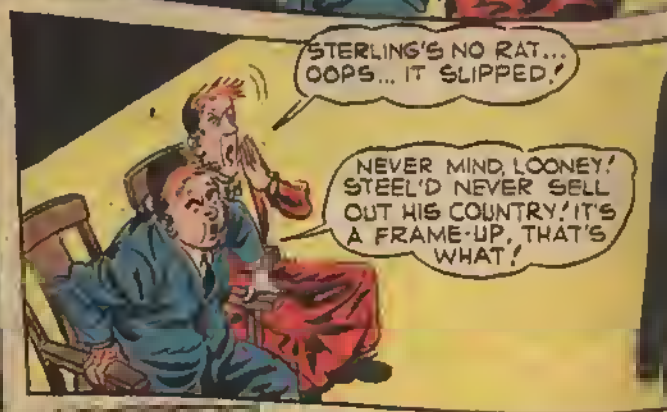
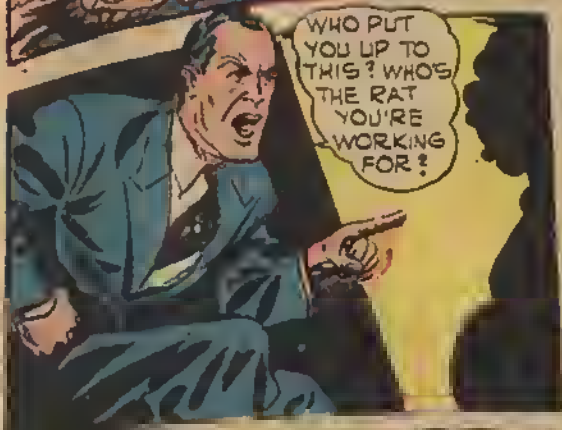
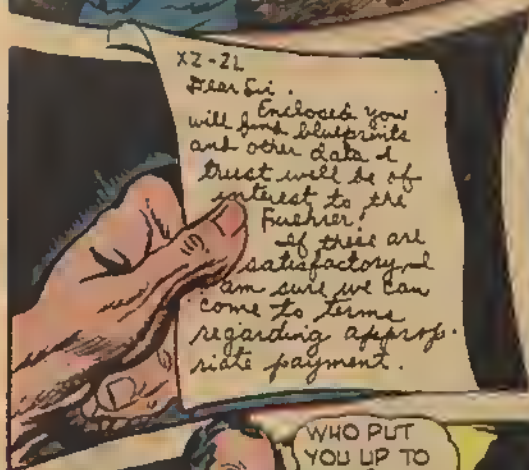
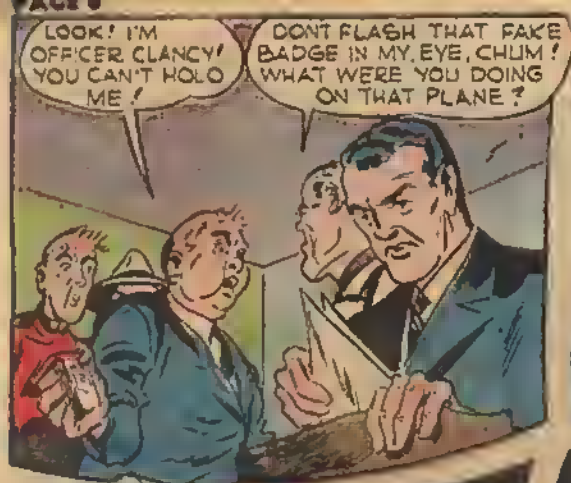
COME ALONG, GRANDMA! THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!

YA GOT US ALL WRONG, BOYS!

SURE! I'M A COP, I TELL YA!

THE F.B.I. DOESN'T LIKE THAT QUICK SHAVE OF YOURS, BUD!





AND IN A PRISON CELL, STERLING'S GREATEST ENEMY, BARON GESTAPO, ALSO READS THE NEWS.

VOT'S DIS?

SO DER GREAT AMERICAN HAS SOLD OUT TO MY COUNTRY! HOW RIGHT MINE FUEHRER IS! DER DEMOCRACIES ARE CORRUPT! A PACK OF BRAIN-LESS FOOLS!

STERLING SELL OUT

MEANWHILE ...

SQUADS OF POLICE SET OUT TO APPREHEND STEEL STERLING!

THIS IS WHERE HE LIVES. TAKE ANOTHER SQUAD AROUND TO THE REAR ENTRANCE!

UP WITH 'EM, STERLING! THE F.B.I. WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!

WELL, AFTER READING THE PAPERS, I SUSPECT WHAT THEY WANT TO TALK TO ME ABOUT!

WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED FROM ALL SIDES! SO COME QUIETLY!

SORRY, BOYS!



BUT I DON'T FEEL
LIKE TALKING
TODAY!

SO LONG,
BOYS...

STOP HIM! HE'S GETTING
AWAY!

YOU
TRY AND
STOP HIM!

GANGWAY!

THANKS FOR
THE WORK-OUT!

CALLING ALL
RIOT CARS...
KEEP LOOKING
FOR STEEL STERLING!

AND EVEN WHILE THE MAY-HUNT IS ON,
FOR THE MAN OF STEEL, BARON GESTAPO
IS BEING LED OUT BY THE
FIRING SQUAD...

BAH! TAKE DOT
BLINDFOLD AWAY!
YOU THINK I AM SOFT
LIKE YOU AMERICAN
SCUM!

JUST AS
YOU SAY,
GESTAPO!

FOR EFFERY CHERMAN YOU KILL... A HUNDRED AMERICAN PIGS VILL DIE 'UND FOR SHOOTING ME, BARON GESTAPO...

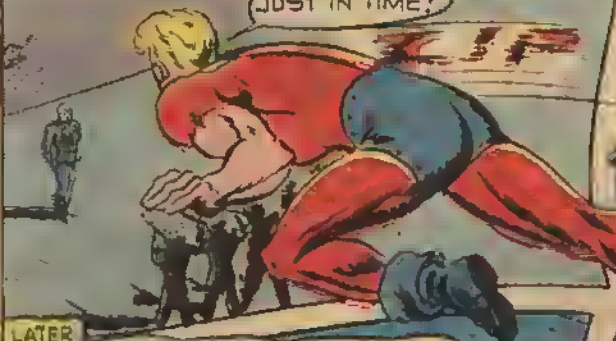
...A TOUNSAND SHALL GO TO THEIR GRAVES!

READY... AIM...



SUDDENLY, FLASHING OUT OF THE HEAVENS

JUST IN TIME!



STERLING! YOU SAVED ME... BUT VY?

YOU'RE A SMART GUY ' FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF!



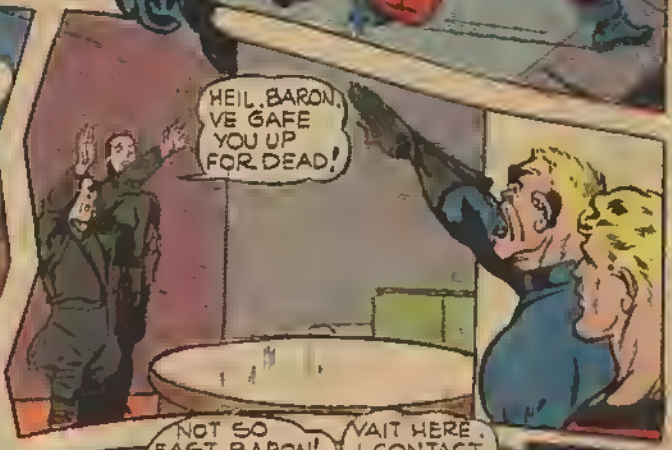
LATER



SURE, THE PAPERS ARE TELLING THE TRUTH! I'M FEATHERING MY OWN NEST FROM NOW ON!

HMM... FOLLOW ME!

HEIL, BARON. VE GAFE YOU UP FOR DEAD!



YOU CAN THANK HERR STERLING FOR SAVING MY LIFE... HIS EYES HAF BEEN OPENED UND HE IS JOINING US!

NOT SO FAST, BARON! I TOLD YOU I'M IN THIS FOR WHAT I CAN GET! WHAT IS YOUR OFFER?

VAIT HERE. I CONTACT MY FUEHRER ON DER SHORT VAVE RADIO!



STERLING ISS A FOOL TO
TINK DOT VE VILL TAKE HIM
ON OUR SIDE. CALL DER POLICE!
I'LL GET MY INSTRUCTIONS AND
DEN WE'LL ALL GO UND
LEAVE STERLING HERE
TO BE CAPTURED!

HA.HA.HA. DER
FOOL HAS SERVED MY
PURPOSES. I DON'T NEED
HIM ANY LONGER!

ALL RIGHT,
BARON GESTAPO!
YOUR INSTRUCTIONS
ARE COMING IN!

IN THE NEXT ROOM, THE
MAN OF STEEL RUBS HIS
TONGUE ALONG HIS
TEETH...WHICH SETS
UP A MAGNETIC FIELD
AND ALLOWS HIM TO
INTERCEPT THE IN-
COMING MESSAGE...

BARON GESTAPO—PROCEED
TO MEXICO AT ONCE! YOU ARE
TO PREVENT MEXICO FROM DE-
CLARING WAR ON US BY KILL-
ING THE PRESIDENT! I ELE-
CTED YOU AS THE BEST MAN FOR
THE JOB—DO NOT FAIL ME!
SIGNED— ADOLF HITLER

THIS IS, GESTAPO.
YOU'VE TOLD ME
ALL I WANT TO
KNOW...

NOW I'LL LET MY FISTS
DO A LITTLE TALKING!

VA'S ISS?!

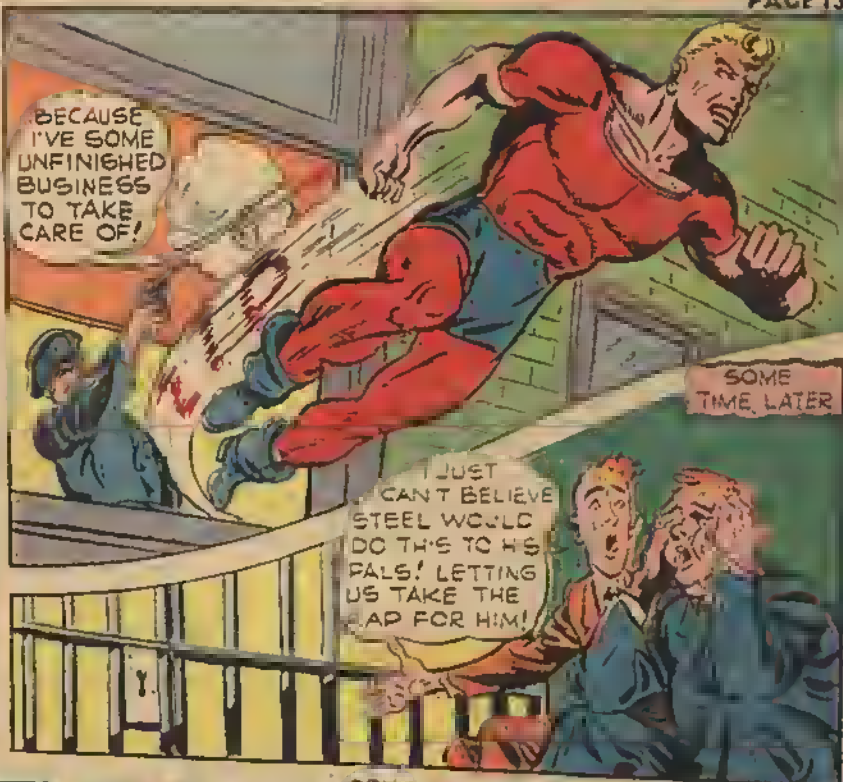
BAW

CRACK

THE POLICE
BURST IN..



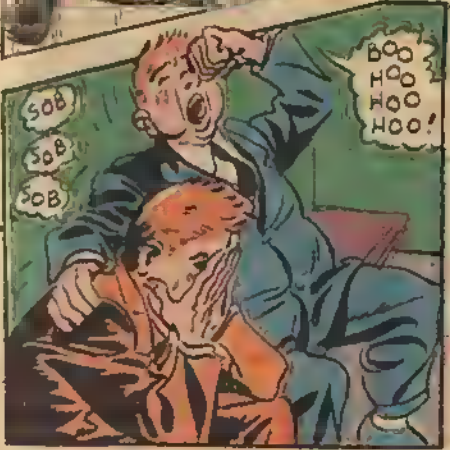
BETTER GET GESTAPO FIRST!....



BECAUSE I'VE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!

SOME TIME LATER

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE STEEL WOULD DO THIS TO HIS PALS! LETTING US TAKE THE RAP FOR HIM!



SOB SOB SOB

BOO HOO HOO!



DRY YOUR EYES, BOYS! I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU HOME!



G'GOSH - STEEL! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!

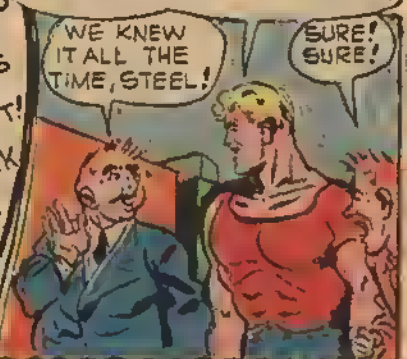


READ THIS!

YA MEAN STEEL AIN'T A TRAITOR AFTER ALL?

DAILY ZIP
MEXICO DECLARES WAR ON AXIS!
MAN OF STEEL FOILS PLOT TO KILL MEXICAN PRESIDENT!
"ARGUMENT WAS A TRICK SO THAT STERLING COULD GAIN CONFIDENCE OF BARON GESTAPO" SAYS, F.D.R.!

YOU AND LOONEY HELPED PUT AN END TO THE MOST DANGEROUS OF NAZI PLANS!



WE KNEW IT ALL THE TIME, STEEL!

SURE! SURE!

FOR FURTHER EYCEMENT AND A BELLYPUL OF LAUGHS AND THRILLS BE SURE TO FOLLOW STEEL STERLING'S ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS

BLACK DEATH

A STEEL STERLING STORY

STEEL STERLING smiled broadly and slapped Jimmy Denning on the shoulder. "Congratulations on your performance tonight, Jimmy," he said. "How does it feel to finish up your first month as star of the show?"

"Swell!" said Jimmy. His eyes suddenly clouded over. "But I keep thinking about Rob Minton—of the tough break he got when they threw him out of the show and gave me his part. . . ."

"Forget it, kid," said Steel. "Minton was drinking heavily, and the producer knew what he was doing when he threw him out." He smiled again. "Come on, kid, forget it and tell me all about this theatre business."

Jimmy's eyes shone. "It's been marvelous. Why, I've just finished sending out a batch of autographed photos to people who wrote in asking for them. Imagine—people asking for my autograph! I—" His face turned sheet-white and he staggered back a step.

Steel rushed forward. "Jimmy! What's the matter!"

Jimmy's face had gone from white to near-black. He coughed spasmodically. "Steel!" he mumbled. "Steel! I—feel—funny—" His head dropped back.

Steel winced. "He's dead!" He said the words simply, but there was a tightness in his voice. He laid Denning's body on the couch and walked out of the room.

Steel Sterling zipped swiftly backstage and entered the office of Joe Mitchell, producer

of the show. "Joe," he said, "Jimmy Denning's been—murdered!"

Joe Mitchell was sitting at his desk, his head on his chest. Steel walked over to shake him—and stopped. Joe Mitchell's face was black.

"Mitchell, too," said Steel. He stared at the desk, where Mitchell had been working over a pile of unanswered correspondence.

"The method of murder—right before me," he said. "I think I'd better drop in to see Rob Minton."

Rob Minton was sitting in on a poker game. He had been drinking and he looked up with bleary, unexcited eyes as Steel Sterling entered the room.

"Steel Sterling, eh?" he said. "Friend of Jimmy Denning's. Get out! No friend of that rat is welcome here."

"Minton," said Steel slowly, "Jimmy Denning and Joe Mitchell were murdered ten minutes ago. . . ."

Minton looked surprised and happy. "That doesn't make me sad," he said. He looked up suddenly, threw his cards on the table. "What's that got to do with me?" he asked.

"I thought," Steel said, "that you might know something about it."

"Not a thing," said Minton. "This poker game's been going on for hours, and I haven't left the room once."

"They were poisoned," said Steel.

"Still better," said Minton. "How could I have anything to do with it? Poison's got to be administered. I haven't been

around the theatre all this month—ask the doorman and the people up front."

Steel's eyes hardened. He reached out and pulled Minton out of his chair. "I'm through playing," he said. "You sent both Denning and Mitchell'return envelopes—Denning's to return a requested photo, and Mitchell in answer to some business. You used assumed names, and when they licked the flaps to seal the envelopes, poison mixed in with the paste killed them!"

Minton breathed heavily for a minute. Then he said softly, "Get him!"

A gun cracked, but Steel was not there to receive the bullet. He had leaped through the air, still clutching Minton. When the bullet bit into the wall, he dropped to the ground and, simultaneously, clipped Minton on the jaw. Minton's head snapped back, and he slid to the ground.

Then Sterling got to work on the other poker players. There were four of them.

Steel did it very methodically. He simply zipped through the air, dropped in back of a thug, spun him around, and sent a sizzling blast to his jaw. He repeated this procedure four times and his work was over.

Weeks later, Steel read of Minton's conviction by a jury. The sentence was death in the electric chair. But there was no satisfaction in the Man of Steel's eyes . . . just a sadness that criminals had to learn the hard way that Crime does not pay!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE ARE TINGLING, THE MAN OF STEEL, AND HIS TWO CHEF HINDRANCE, CLANCY AND LOONEY...

NOW LISTEN, STEEL, THIS NEST OF SABOTEURS MUST BE FOUND! THEY'RE A VERY REAL THREAT TO OUR ALL-OUT WAR EFFORT!

I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN!



CLANCY & LOONEY

HOW D'YA LIKE IT? WHY DON'T WE GET A BIG CASE LIKE THAT? LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, CLANCY!

YEAH, YOU'D THINK WE WERE A PAIR OF DOPES THE WAY WE GET TREATED!

I'LL GET ALONG FASTER WITHOUT THOSE GUYS TRAILING ALONG! DO ME A FAVOR AND GIVE THEM A CASE TO KEEP 'EM BUSY! ANYTHING.

OKAY! LEAVE IT TO ME!



OFFICER CLANCY! ALEC LUNAR! FRONT AND CENTER!

YES SIR!

THAT'S US!



HERE'S A REPORT THAT THE TATTOOED MAN AT THE TINGLING CIRCUS IS PULLING SOME KIND OF SKIN GAME! I WANT YOU MEN TO GET RIGHT OUT THERE!

SAY NO MORE, CHIEF! WE'LL CAPTURE HIM SINGLE-HANDED!

C'MON, LOONEY! HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO SHOW OUR STUFF!

SAY, I READ A STORY ONCE ABOUT A COUPLA DETECTIVES WHO GOT DISGUISED AS CLOWNS AN' CAPTURED A VERY VICIOUS KILLER!

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'LL DO! I KNOW A GUY WHO RENTS OUT COSTUMES!



SOMEWHAT LATER TWO FIGURES APPROACH THE TENTS HUDDLED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN

NOW DON'T FORGET, YOU'RE CLANCIELLO, THE GREAT TRAPEZIST!

OKAY, BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE THE IDEA!

HMM! A FORTUNE TELLER, EH? MAYBE I KIN USE YOU! YA HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE?

HAVE I HAD EXPERIENCE? WHY, MY GOOD MAN ME AND MY PAL HERE HAVE DONE OUR ACT ALL OVER THE WORLD!

WE HAVE APPEARED BEFORE ALL THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE! THERE IS NO FEAT OF DARING TOO TOUGH FOR THE GREAT CLANCIELLO!

OKAY, WE NEED A NEW MAN! OUR STAR TRAPEZE PERFORMER WAS JUST KILLED! I'LL SHOW YOU THE DRESSING TENT!

CHATTERIN' CHEESE CAKES DOONEY, I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS, I WAS NEVER ON A TRAPEZE IN MY LIFE!

AW, TAKE IT EASY, WE GOT A JOB TO DO!

AT THAT MOMENT, A FURTIVE FIGURE SKULKS OUT OF ONE OF THE TENTS. THE RUBBERMAN

HE'S DEAD! THAT'LL PAY HIM BACK FOR GETTING ME FIRED BY TELLING THE BOSS I'D BEEN DRINKING!

OOF! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, FAT GUY!

BLUNK! HEY! WHO ARE YOU CALLING FAT, YA BIG LUG?

OH, HELLO BOSS! WHO ARE THESE PUNKS?

THEY'RE A COUPLE OF NEW PERFORMERS THAT. SAY! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU YOU WERE THROUGH! NOW

GET OUT!

NEW PERFORMERS, EH? THEY LOOK LIKE COPS TO ME! THERE THEY GO INTO THE DRESSING TENT... I WONDER...

AW, QUIT GRIPIN' CLANCY! SOON AS WE CATCH THIS COOKIE, OUR JOB WILL BE DONE!

I THOUGHT SO! THEY ARE DICKS!

IF WE DON'T DO IT SOON, I WON'T B- BE HERE TO MAKE THE ARREST!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS. LET'S GET OVER TO THE BIG TOP!

OH! YEAH! HA! HA! M-MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH!

YOU CAN START BY CLIMBIN' UP TO THAT PLATFORM AND DIVING INTO THIS TUB OF WATER!

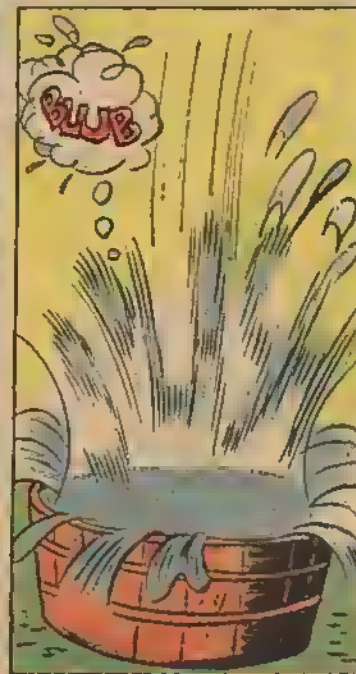
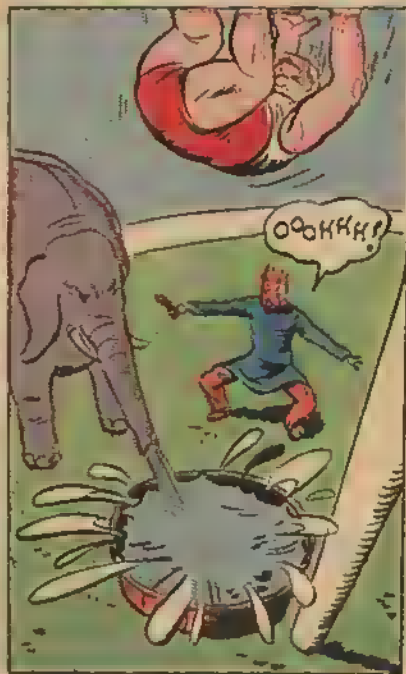
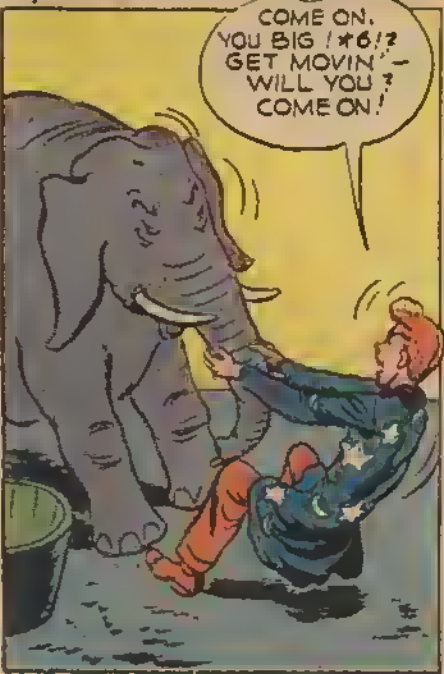
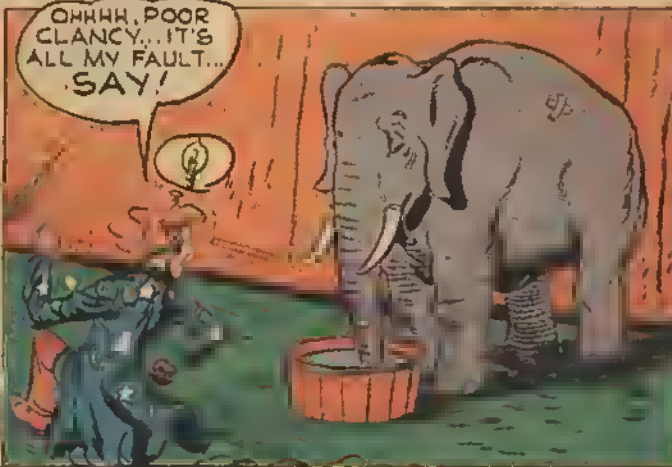
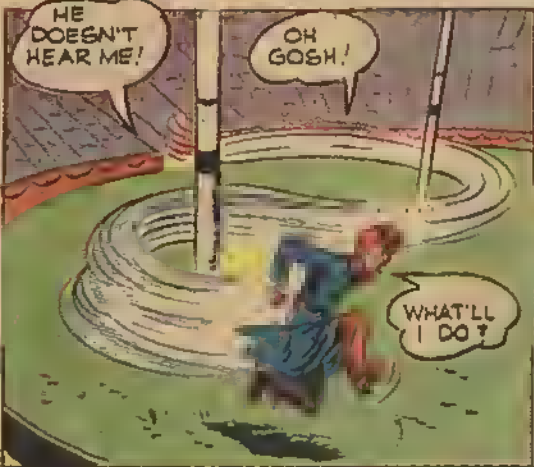
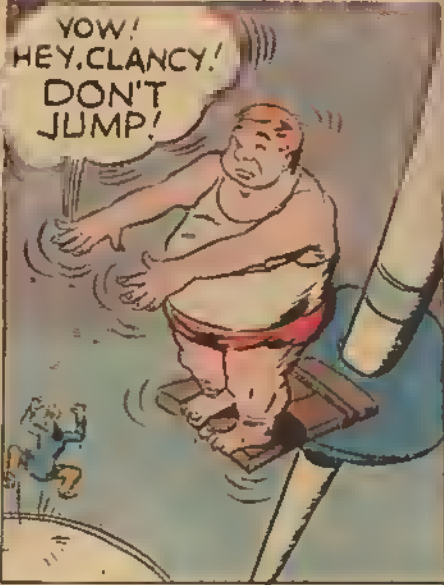
GO RIGHT AHEAD! I'LL WATCH FROM BACK HERE!

OH! IT'S N-NO USE! C-CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!

OW-WW! HOW DID I EVER GET TALKED IN- TO THIS?

G-GOSH! WHERE'S THE TUB? I CAN'T EVEN SEE IT!

C'MON, KID, DON'T WORRY! IF YOU MISS I'LL CATCH YOU!



NICE GOING
THE JOB IS
YOURS

IT...IT IS?
OOOHHHH!

HEY, BOSS!
TOTO'S DEAD!
HE'S BEEN
STABBED!

POOR TOTO!
I WONDER
HOW IT
HAPPENED?

DON'T TOUCH ANY-
THING! CLEAR OUTA
HERE! WE'RE DE-
TECTIVES!

YEAH,
WE'LL LOOK FOR
CLUES AND
STUFF!

DON'T MISS A
THING, LOONEY!
TURN EVERY
STONE!

LOOKOUT,
BOYS!
HE'S IN
AGAIN!

HMMM...
MAYBE HE
WAS POISONED.
NOPE, TOO MUCH
BLOOD!

SAY,
CLANCY...
ULP!

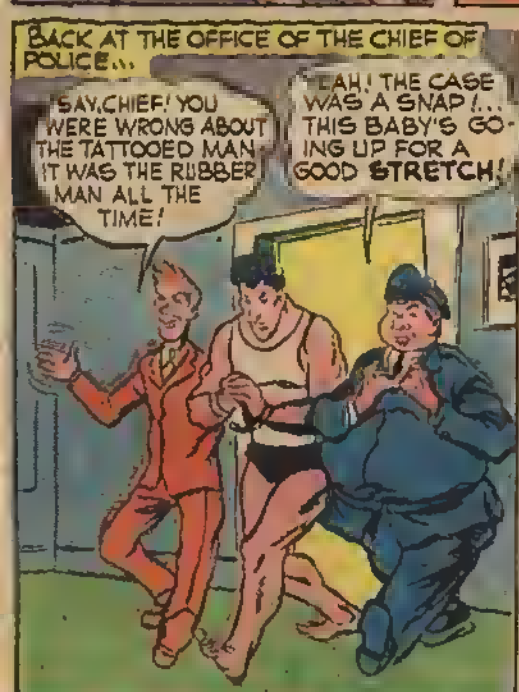
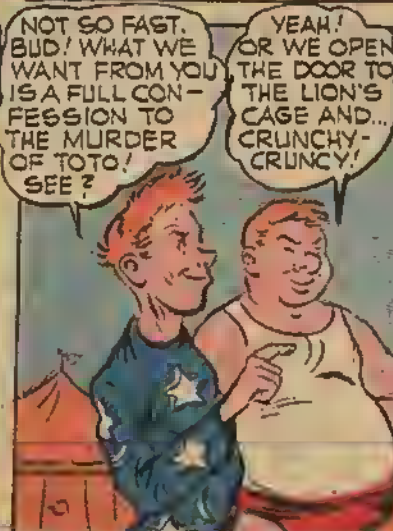
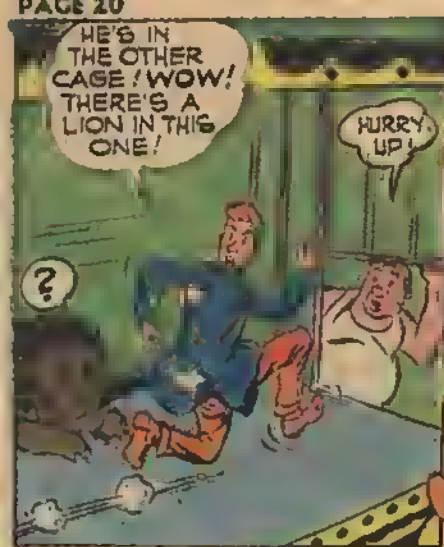
**DUCK,
CLANCY!
QUICK!**

COME BACK
HERE, YOU SNOOPERS!
I'LL FIX YOU GOOD!

GOSH! HERE
HE COMES, CLANCY!
HE MEANS
BUSINESS!

DON'T WASTE
TIME TALKING,
LOONEY! JUST
RUN!

LEO
HAPP



The BLACK HOOD

BATTLES THE SON OF THE SKULL

YES, BLACK HOOD, I'VE COME TO GET YOU FOR SENDING MY FATHER TO HIS DEATH. AND THIS LETTER I'M MAILING YOU PROVES THAT I KNOW YOUR REAL IDENTITY! COUNT THE PRECIOUS MINUTES, BLACK HOOD...YOU HAVEN'T MUCH LONGER TO LIVE!



A GRIM AND OMINOUS FIGURE MOVES SILENTLY DOWN THE STREETS, HEADED FOR THE POLICE STATION

INSIDE, SGT. MCGINTY IS HIS USUAL BUSY SELF

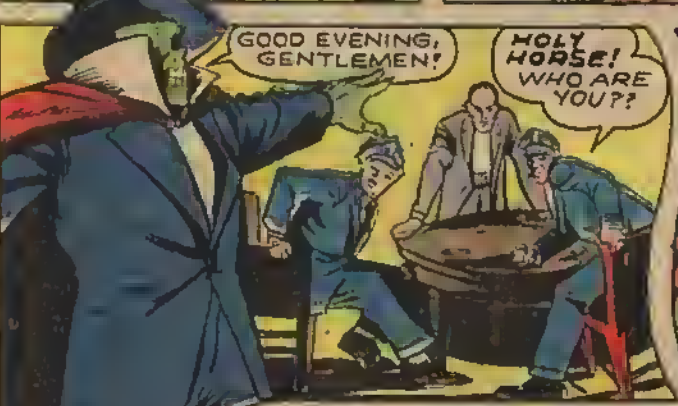


THIS IS THE PLACE!



AW! I'VE GONE AND DONE IT AGAIN!

THAT'S THREE CENTS YOU OWE ME... HEY! WHAT'S THAT?



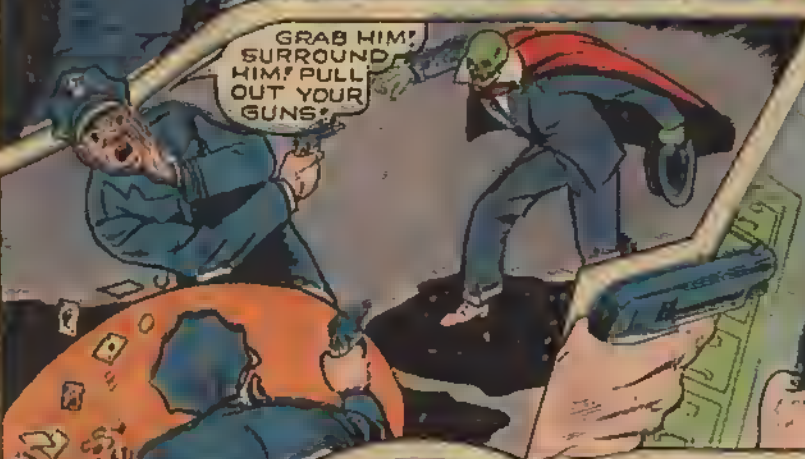
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!

HOLY HORSE! WHO ARE YOU??



YOU HAVE A SHORT MEMORY, SERGEANT! TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!

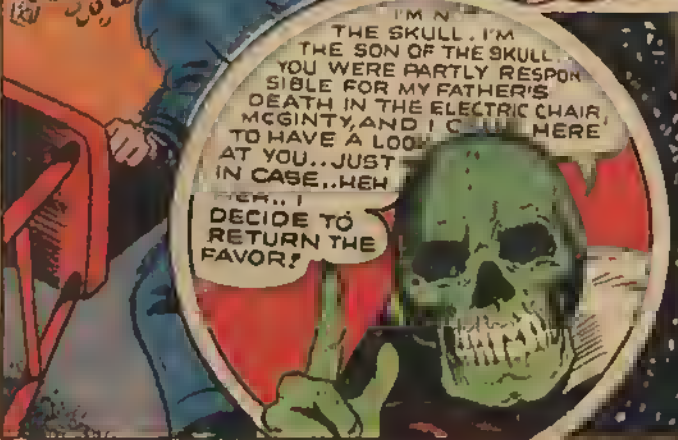
THE SKULL!



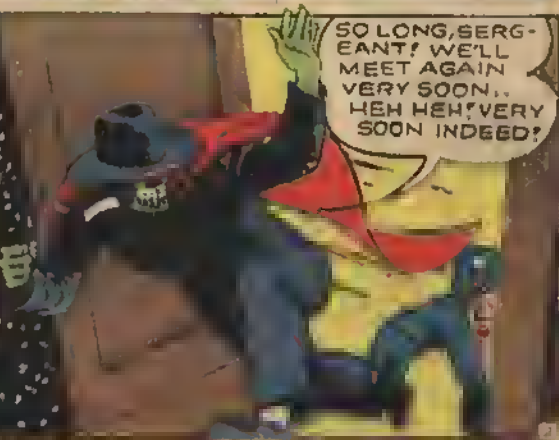
GRAB HIM! SURROUND HIM! PULL OUT YOUR GUNS!



GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! WHAT IS ALL THIS? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!



I'M NOT THE SKULL. I'M THE SON OF THE SKULL. YOU WERE PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR MY FATHER'S DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, MCGINTY, AND I COME HERE TO HAVE A LOOK AT YOU... JUST IN CASE... HEH HEH... I DECIDE TO RETURN THE FAVOR!



SO LONG, SERGEANT! WE'LL MEET AGAIN VERY SOON... HEH HEH! VERY SOON INDEED!

BOY OH BOY! WHAT A SHOCK THAT WAS! WHEW! I CAN SURE USE THIS COOL DRINK!

YEAH! THE SKULL WAS A CLEVER GUY AND HIS SON LOOKS TWICE AS CLEVER... IN THE FEW MINUTES HE WAS HERE, WHY...

.. WHY, HE MIGHT HAVE EVEN POISONED YOUR DRINK!

ULP! COUGH! COUGH!

SUDDENLY..

WHAT'S THAT?

TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK

A TIME BOMB! QUICK! LOCATE IT! TEAR THE PLACE APART!

TIME BOMB!

THIS IS THE END! WE'RE FINISHED! WE'RE GONERS! WHAT'LL MY WIFE DO WITHOUT ME?

AW SHUCKS, SARGE! HERE'S YOUR TIME BOMB!

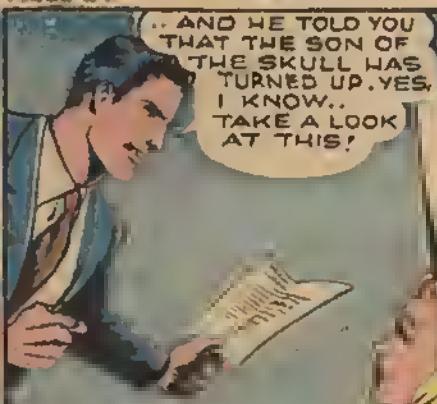
WELL..ER.. HOW WAS I TO KNOW?

SOME TIME LATER... IN BARBARA BUTTON'S APARTMENT.

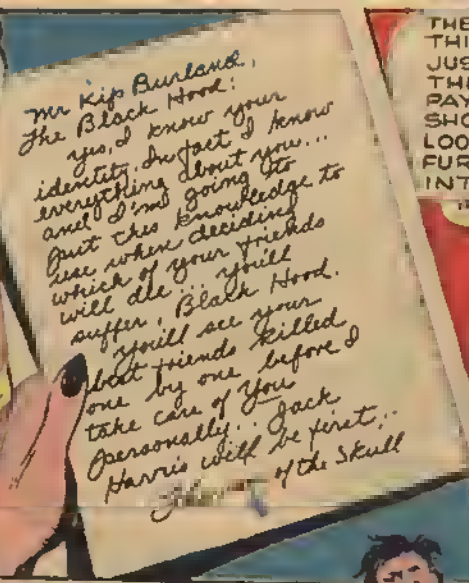
OH, THAT MUST BE KIP NOW!

HELLO, BARBARA. I'VE GOT SOME SURPRISING NEWS.

NOT ANY MORE SURPRISING THAN THE NEWS I HAVE, KIP, I PHONED MCGINTY TEN MINUTES AGO, AND...



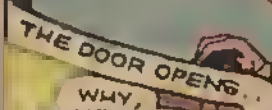
..AND HE TOLD YOU THAT THE SON OF THE SKULL HAS TURNED UP..YES, I KNOW.. TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



Mr Kip Burland, The Black Hood: you, I know your identity. In fact I know everything about you... and I'm going to use this knowledge to see when deciding which of your friends will die... you'll suffer, Black Hood. You'll see your best friends killed one by one before I take care of you personally. Jack Harris will be first;... of the Skull



THE SKULL MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A SON ONCE.. JUST BEFORE HE WENT TO THE CHAIR.. BUT I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION, I SHOULD HAVE LOOKED FURTHER INTO THE MATTER!

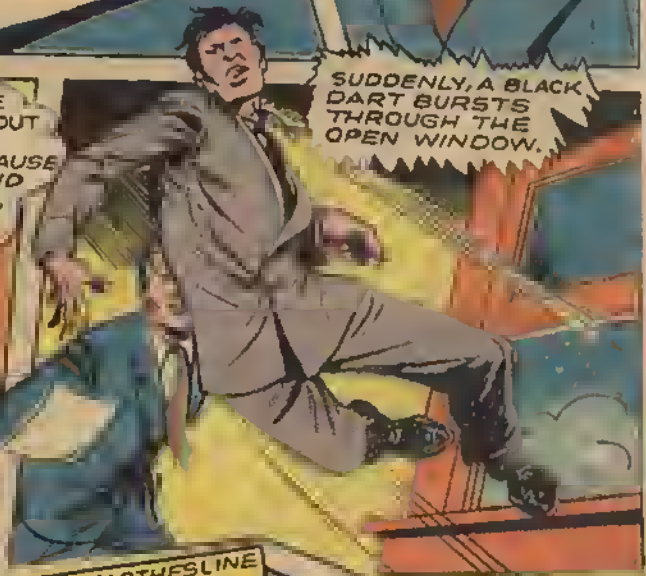


THE DOOR OPENS... WHY, HELLO, KIP! I KNEW YOU WOULD FIND YOU HERE!



JACK HARRIS!

SAY, KIP, I CAME TO SEE YOU ABOUT THIS LETTER I RECEIVED.. "BECAUSE YOU ARE A FRIEND OF KIP BURLAND, YOU MUST DIE!" WHAT IS IT? A PRACTICAL JOKE?



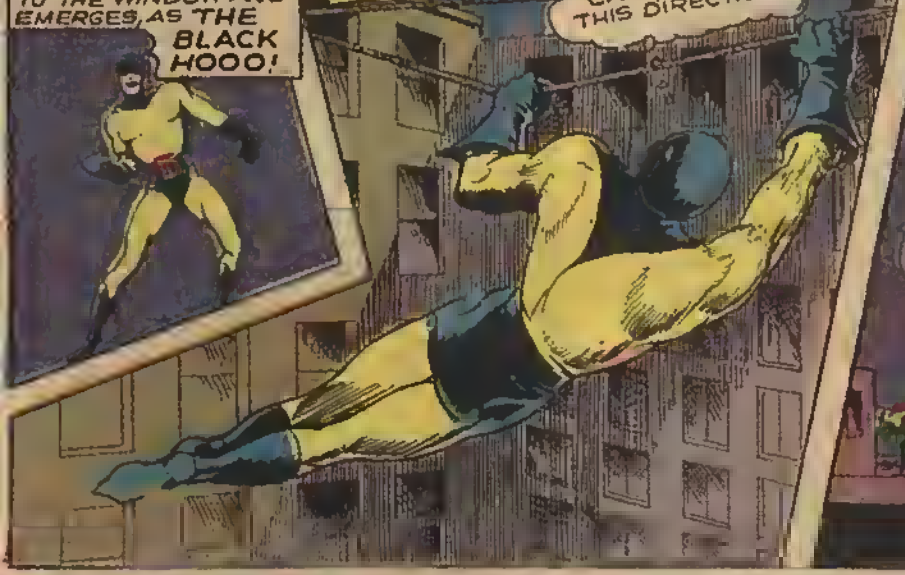
SUDDENLY, A BLACK DART BURSTS THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

KIP BURLAND MOVES SWIFTLY. HE RUSHES TO THE WINDOW AND EMERGES, AS THE BLACK HOOD!



THE BLACK HOOD GRASPS A CLOTHESLINE AND SWINGS ONTO THE ADJOINING ROOF.

THE DART CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION..



THE SKULL! THERE HE GOES!



HE'S DISAPPEARED!
FUNNY? I'D BETTER
LOOK IN THIS
OPEN DOORWAY!

NOT HERE EITHER!
NOW WHERE
COULD HE
HAVE GONE?

THE SKULL LEAPS
FROM THE ROOF
CANOPY...

HERE'S
YOUR
ANSWER,
HOOD!

I COULD KILL YOU,
NOW, BLACK HOOD,
BUT I WON'T..
FIRST YOU'LL
WATCH MORE OF
YOUR FRIENDS
DIE! YOU'LL SEE
MORE AND MORE
HOW IT FEELS
TO LOSE
SOMEONE
YOU LOVE!

IMPOSSIBLE?
THEN YOU COME
DOWN HERE AND
EXPLAIN THE DEAD
MAN ON MY COUCH!
THE MAN WHOSE
FACE WAS
CHANGED
INTO A
SKULL!

... AND COME
AT ONCE, MCGINTY!
I TELL YOU THE
SKULL'S KILLED A
MAN!

BUT IT'S IM-
POSSIBLE,
BARBARA. I'VE
GOT TWO MEN
ON HIS TRAIL
24 HOURS A
DAY!

MEANWHILE...

MCGINTY RUBBES OUT OF THE POLICE STATION.

C'MON,
BOYS. WE'LL
GET THIS
CLEARED
UP RIGHT
NOW!

WE'RE
GOIN' TO
CHECK
WITH THE
DETECTIVES
I HAVE
'TRAILIN'
THE SKULL!

SULLIVAN,
PETERS... I
TOLD YOU NOT
TO LOSE SIGHT
OF THE SKULL!

WE
DIDN'T,
BARGE!



HE'S RIGHT UPSTAIRS
IN THIS BUILDING..YOU
CAN SEE FOR YOUR-
SELF!

OH, YEAH? WELL, WE'LL JUST
GO UPSTAIRS AND HAVE
A LITTLE TALK WITH
MR. SKULL!

THEY BURST INTO THE ROOM...

IT'S A TRICK!
THE SHADOW
OF A CARDBOARD
FIGURE ON A
REVOLVING
PHONOGRAPH!
WHY..THE
DIRTY
RAT!

AND AT HIS
REAL HOME..

OH, HO, HO, HO!
IT'S REALLY TOO
FUNNY! I'LL BET
THE STUPID
POLICE ARE STILL
WATCHING
THAT WINDOW!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

KIP, HAVEN'T
YOU READ THAT
MAGAZINE
BEFORE?

WELL I AM! KIP, I
KNOW THE SKULL
IS DANGEROUS AND
ALL THAT, BUT
THIS WATCHING
OVER ME DAY
AND NIGHT
IS GETTING
QUINNY NERVES

YES, BARBARA, BUT -
SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
LET'S GO TO A MOVIE!
THAT'LL RELIEVE THE
MONOTONY, AND I
CAN STILL KEEP
AN EYE ON
YOU!

WHY, YES,
BARBARA,
THE THIRD
TIME..BUT
I'M NOT
BORED

THEY REACH THE
THEATRE...

I'M GLAD
YOU THOUGHT
OF GOING TO
A MOVIE, KIP. THIS
CHANGE'LL SAVE
MY SANITY!

AS THEY ENTER...AN Usher HANDS KIP A PROGRAM...



BARBARA!
LOOK AT
THIS!

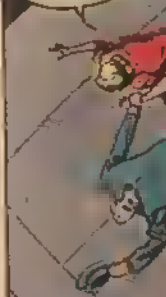


"DEAD END
NIGHT"
Starring
JOHN TREVOR by
SUPPORTING BY
ALICE DAVE
MICHAEL WOLFE
V.G. GODDARD
HARRY SHORTEN
MAY (MITCHELL)
DELLA COVO

(2nd FEAT.)
COME
2nd FEAT.
NEWSREEL

THEY RUSH
OUT OF THE
THEATRE.

WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT,
KIP?



YOU TAKE THIS CAB
RIGHT TO POLICE
HEADQUARTERS
AND STAY THERE
UNTIL I CALL
FOR YOU!

ALL RIGHT,
KIP, DRIVER?
POLICE
HEADQUARTERS,
PLEASE!

THE CAB MOVES SWIFTLY
THROUGH THE TRAFFIC AND
BARBARA NOTICES...

DRIVER, I SAID
POLICE HEADQUARTERS
YOU'RE GOING IN
THE WRONG
DIRECTION!

IT'S THE
SKULL'S
WARNING
THAT MY
FRIEND
JOHN MITCHELL
IS SECOND
TO DIE! I'VE
GOT TO GO
TO MITCHELL'S
HOUSE AT ONCE!

THE
DRIVER
TURNS..

NO, MY DEAR
MISS SUTTON!
I'M GOING IN THE
RIGHT DIRECTION!
HA HA HA HA!

MEANWHILE...

MITCHELL,
THANK
HEAVEN
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT!

WHAT
IN... WHY
SHOULDN'T
I BE ALL
RIGHT?

DIDN'T YOU RE-
CEIVE A WARNING
NOTE FROM THE
SKULL?

WHAT
WARNING
NOTE? SAY!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
ANYWAY?



PAGE 15
THE MATTER IS THAT I'VE BEEN
TRICKED! DUPED! OPERATOR?
OPERATOR? GET ME POLICE
HEADQUARTERS
AT ONCE!

HELLO..MCGINTY?
WILL YOU CONNECT
ME WITH BARBARA,
PLEASE?

SO IT WAS A
TRICK? WELL, THE
SKULL'S GOT BARBARA
NOW.. BUT HE WON'T
HAVE HER FOR LONG.
I'LL SEE TO
THAT!

WHO? BARBARA?
WHY SHE HASN'T
BEEN HERE ALL
DAY? WHAT? HELLO?
ORAT IT! HE'S
HUNG UP!

MITCHELL,
I'D LIKE
TO BORROW
YOUR CAR!

IT'S PARKED JUST
AROUND THE
CORNER.

THANKS,
PAL! I'M
ON MY
WAY!

THE BLACK HOOD
LEAPS INTO THE
CAR AND GETS
UNDER WAY...

THIS
BABY
LOOKS LIKE
IT CAN MAKE
TIME!

THE BLACK HOOD'S CAR APPROACHES
A TRAIN CROSSING AND HE RACES
MAADLY TO BEAT THE LOCOMOTIVE.

HE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT!
'LOOK
OUT!!

LATER, IN THE LAIR OF THE SKULL...

HA HA! HOW CLEVERLY I OUT-WITTED YOUR BLACK HOOD. BUT I HAVE SOMETHING EVEN MORE CLEVER TO SPRING ON HIM!

HE'D MUCH SOONER SEE YOU DEAD THAN WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A SMALLER DOSE OF MY POISON! JUST ENOUGH TO TURN YOUR FACE INTO A SKULL WITHOUT KILLING YOU!

INGENIOUS, EH? WHAT'S THAT?

FLASH! NEWS HAS JUST ARRIVED HERE THAT THE BLACK HOOD WAS KILLED FIVE MINUTES AGO WHEN HIS CAR COLLIDED WITH A TRAIN!

HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME! HE CAN'T DIE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MY PLANS. I'LL GO DOWN TO THE MORGUE AND SEE FOR MYSELF.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE HOOD WOULD DIE IN SUCH A CLUMSY, STUPID WAY!

IT IS THE BLACK HOOD!

THE SKULL ENTERS THE MORGUE THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW...

BLAST HIM! HE'S ROBBED ME OF MY REVENGE! DEATH IS TOO EASY A WAY OUT FOR THE PLANS I HAD IN STORE FOR HIM!

THERE'S NO USE KEEPING THE GIRL AROUND NOW. I'LL GO BACK AND FINISH HER OFF QUICK!

THE HOOD? HE-HE'S NOT...

YES, HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT! BUT DON'T GRIEVE. YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN YOUR BELOVED RIGHT NOW!

SUDDENLY,

NOT
QUITE,
SKULL!

SO YOU TRICKED
ME, EH? YOU
WON'T DO
IT AGAIN!

TSK TSK,
SKULL! YOU
MISSED!

HERE'S SOMETHING I WAS
ITCHING TO GIVE YOU WHEN
YOU BENT YOUR UGLY FACE
OVER MINE IN THE MORGUE.

BAM

UGH!

BUT I
WON'T!

I LET HIM
LEAD ME
TO YOU FIRST,
BARBARA!

BUT HOW
DID YOU DO
IT, HOOD?

A LITTLE COOPERATION
FROM THE POLICE. SOME
LIQUID CHALK ON MY
FACE AND THERE YOU
ARE. SIMPLE, EH?

AND LATER AT THE JAIL...

HAW HAW! YOU BETTER
LOOK AROUND FOR
SOMEONE TO AVENGE
YOU, SKULL!

MOCK
ME, YOU
FOOL!

... BUT YOU'RE NOT THROUGH WITH ME YET!
THIS JAIL WILL NEVER HOLD ME.. I'LL
BE OUT OF HERE SOON TO EXACT MY
REVENGE THREESFOLD!

CORPSES AREN'T CRAZY.

A BLACK HOOD STORY

KIP BURLAND saw that it was almost twelve noon by the clock on Dr. Irving's desk, and he got to his feet. Dr. Irving followed him to the door. "Thanks a lot for the info, Doc," said Kip. "You've been most interesting."

Dr. Irving waved a deprecatory hand. "Think nothing of it," he said. "We get some pretty unusual insanity cases up here at the asylum."

They shook hands, and Kip started to leave. Suddenly he turned back, a curious look on his face. "Just one more thing," he said. "I understand all you told me about the dangerous insanities—*paranoia*, *schizophrenia*, *dementia praecox*—all those types where the maniac will kill . . . but how come you let this servant of yours, this Walter, go and do as he pleases? He's a patient, isn't he?"

"Walter Lincott, you mean?" Dr. Irving smiled. "Oh, some small-town physician in Ohio sent him here as a charity patient, and he cleans up and does odd jobs for me to sort of pay his board. He's perfectly harmless—mild *melancholia* case; mind of a seven year old child."

Kip thumbed his chin. "Funny," he said. "I've got the odddest feeling that I've seen him before." He shrugged. "Well, it's none of my business, and I'm rather late for my lunch-con date with Barbara. So long, Doc."

Barbara pouted prettily. "Kip Burland," she said, "you're late!"

Kip smiled. "Awfully sorry, Barbara," he said. "I dropped up to visit my old classmate, Ian Irving, who's now head doctor at the State Insane Asylum, and he got to talking so interestingly that time just passed."

"Never mind," smiled Barbara. She took Kip's arm. "Let's go have our lunch."

They walked a step or two, and Kip stopped in his tracks. "Oh, heck," he said. "I left my hat in the Doc's office. Will you wait just a few minutes, Barb? I'll run back and get it."

He ran down the street, taking huge steps. In half a minute, he was at the asylum, up the stairs, and through the open door into the office.

He stopped and breath burst tightly from between his clenched teeth. Dr. Ian Irving was lying with his head on his desk, his own letter opener deep in his forehead. Blood dripped crimsonly onto the green desk-blotter.

Kip stared for a minute, stiffly. Then he heard footsteps and he darted behind the screen-partition which Dr. Irving had used when changing from medical clothes to street costume each night. Kip quickly removed his outer clothing and emerged as—The Black Hood!

He found an opening in the partition and stood watching and listening.

Walter Lincott, the feeble-minded patient, walked into the room with a man The Black Hood recognized as the Chief Assistant of the asylum.

The Chief Assistant gibbered excitedly. "Murdered!" he screeched. "My God!" He looked at Lincott. "Was there anybody in the room when you found Irving dead?"

"Nobody in room," replied Lincott. He smiled foolishly.

The Chief Assistant gibbered on. "I've got to report this to the Board even before I call the police. You stay here and see that nobody gets into the room." He dashed out, muttering something mournful about bad publicity.

As soon as the Chief Assistant had left, Lincott reached into his pocket and took out several closely typewritten sheets. He

stared at them, put them back into his pocket, and smiled. His lips twisted, and he looked oddly horrible.

Behind the partition, The Black Hood swept into action. His hunch about having seen Lincott before was correct!

"Lincott?" he whispered. The patient whirled.

"Lincott!" The Black Hood said again. "I recognize you now. You're 'Tiger' Bernard, who escaped from the state pen two months ago!"

"Tiger" Bernard snarled. "The Black Hood!"

"Pretty good idea, having some crooked sawbones enter you in this asylum till your escape blew over," The Black Hood said. "This is a perfect hide-out."

"Sure," said Bernard. "Only I faked it too well! Irving was writing an article about insanity cases for *The Criminology and Psychiatry Journal*, and he was all set to send my picture. I wasn't taking any chances, so I knocked him off." Suddenly a knife was in his hand and he lunged. "And you're next to die," he said.

The Black Hood leaped sideways. He got hold of Bernard's wrist and threw the fake patient to the floor. Bernard got up, and The Black Hood clipped him neatly on the jaw. Again Bernard got up, and again The Black Hood hit him. This time he did not get up.

The Chief Assistant and two members of the Board rushed into the room. "We heard it all," said the Chief Assistant. "We were going to help you, but you didn't seem to need any help."

"You've heard enough to hang him," said The Black Hood. Suddenly he smiled ruefully. "I'd better get out of here," he said to himself. "A certain young lady must be very, very angry."

PAGE 32

THE HUN ATTACKS in SHIELD - WIZARD # 7

OUT OF THE BLOOD-SOAKED PAGES OF NAZI HISTORY STEPS A BRUTAL MONSTER, A KILLER VICIOUS AS A CORNERED RAT AND DEADLY AS A COBRA...AND DIABOLICAL FATE TESTS THE SHIELD BY PITTING HIM AGAINST THIS, HIS MOST HORRIBLE AND DANGEROUS OPPONENT TO DATE -- THE HUN, SCAR-FACED BEAST OF MURDER! FOLLOW AMERICA'S FIGHTINGEST DUO IN THEIR MOST AMAZING ADVENTURE BY GETTING YOUR COPY OF SHIELD - WIZARD # 7

ON SALE NOW!



IRVING KAPLAN

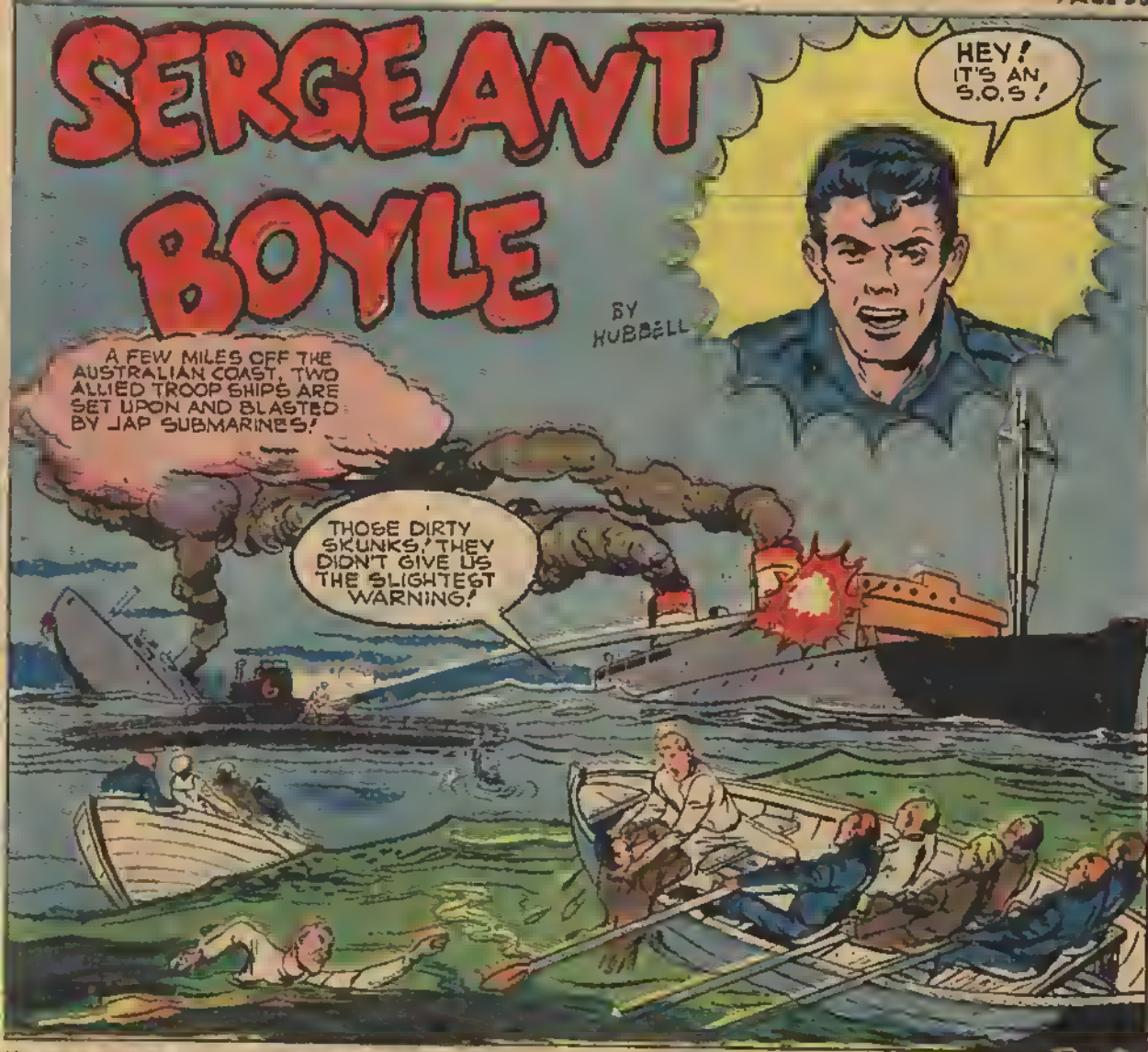
SERGEANT BOYLE

BY
HUBBELL

HEY!
IT'S AN
S.O.S.!

A FEW MILES OFF THE
AUSTRALIAN COAST, TWO
ALLIED TROOP SHIPS ARE
SET UPON AND BLASTED
BY JAP SUBMARINES!

THOSE DIRTY
SKUNKS! THEY
DIDN'T GIVE US
THE SLIGHTEST
WARNING!



S.O.S. S.O.S.
WE ARE BEING
ATTACKED BY JAP
SUBS... WE ARE
SINKING RAPIDLY...
OUR POSITION.
AWWRK!

YEP! THEIR
WIRELESS MUST
HAVE BEEN HIT!
WE'VE GOTTA GET
HELP TO 'EM
FAST!

HOW
CAN WE
WHEN WE
DON'T KNOW
WHERE THEY
ARE?

CRIPES!
THEY'VE GONE
DEAD!



BESIDES
OUR AIR FORCE
HASN'T GOTTEN
BACK FROM THAT
TOKIO RAID YET!

WE STILL
HAVE A COUPLE OF
PLANES. MAYBE
I CAN BORROW
ONE. STEP
ON IT!





I HOPE
WE GET ONE!
AFTER ALL, I'M
A CAPTAIN.
AIN'T I?

HERE'S ONE
ALL WARMED UP.
KEEP YOUR FIN-
GERS CROSSED!
SAY! YOU!



HEY! GET
OFF THAT WING,
YOU DOPE! THIS
IS GENERAL
BAINBRIDGE'S
PRIVATE PLANE!

AW, COME
ON! BE A PAL!
NO KIDDING,
I'VE GOT TO
HAVE THIS
SHIP!



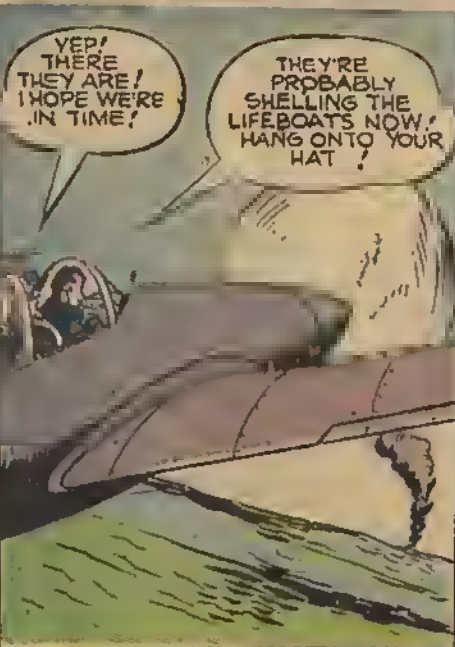
SORRY,
PAL, WE'LL
BRING IT BACK
AS GOOD AS
NEW!

HEY!
HOLD IT!
LET ME
GET IN!



HURRY UP,
SARGE! OR
THEY'LL BE
GONE BY THE
TIME WE GET
THERE!

SHE'S
WIDE OPEN!
SAY! YOU SEE
THAT SMOKE ON
THE HORIZON?



YEP!
THERE
THEY ARE!
I HOPE WE'RE
IN TIME!

THEY'RE
PROBABLY
SHELLING THE
LIFEBOATS NOW.
HANG ONTO YOUR
HAT!

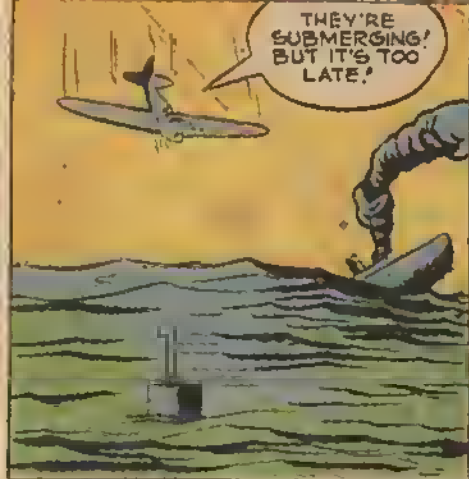


AMERICAN
PLANE! OPEN
FIRE ON THE
DOGS!



OK, YOU
DIRTY RATS!
YOU'LL GET
YOURS IN
ABOUT A
MINUTE...
WOW!

BETTER
PULL YOUR
HEAD IN, TWERP!
THEY MEAN
BUSINESS!



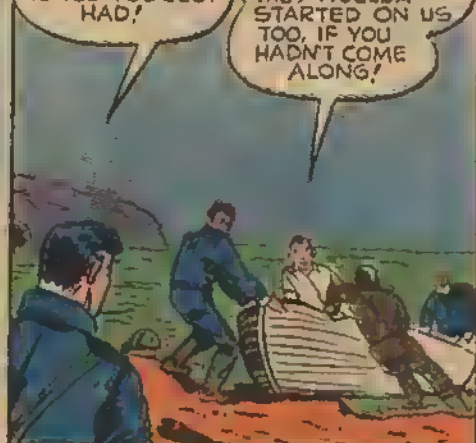
HERE I AM
SARGE... OOOHH,
MY HEAD!



YOU'LL BE ALL
RIGHT! YOU'RE
JUST DIZZY! LET'S
GO SEE IF THE
BOYS HAVE
LANDED!



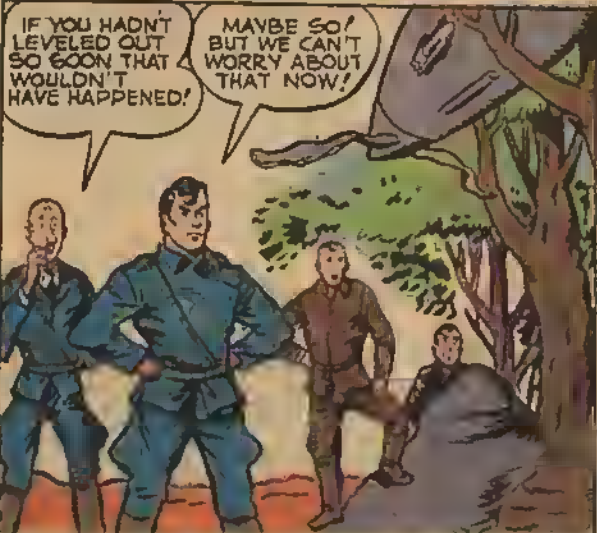
H'YA, FELLAS!
BOY, THAT'S
SOME EXPER-
IENCE YOU JUST
HAD!



YOU SAID IT!
THEY SHELLED
THE OTHER BOATS!
THEY WOULD'A
STARTED ON US
TOO, IF YOU
HADN'T COME
ALONG!

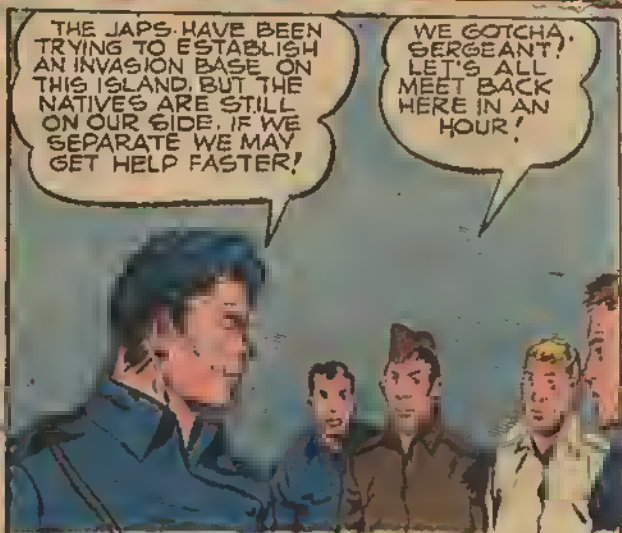
IF YOU HADN'T
LEVELED OUT
SO SOON THAT
WOULDN'T
HAVE HAPPENED!

MAYBE SO!
BUT WE CAN'T
WORRY ABOUT
THAT NOW!



THE JAPS HAVE BEEN
TRYING TO ESTABLISH
AN INVASION BASE ON
THIS ISLAND, BUT THE
NATIVES ARE STILL
ON OUR SIDE. IF WE
SEPARATE WE MAY
GET HELP FASTER!

WE GOTCHA,
SERGEANT!
LET'S ALL
MEET BACK
HERE IN AN
HOUR!



OKAY! BETTER
KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED FOR
WILD ANIMALS!

IF I FIND
ANYBODY,
SARGE, I'LL
FIRE TWO
SHOTS!



WHAT'S
THAT?
OOOH! IT'S
A SKULL!



HALP!



G-GOSH! IS
THIS ONE OF
THOSE FRIENDLY
GUYS BOYLE WAS
TALKIN' ABOUT?



WHO YOU?
ANSWER!

ER
ER
ER



SPEAK
UP! WHAT
YOU DO
HERE?

I'M CAPTAIN
TWERP OF THE
B.E.F. - NO
KIDDIN'. SEE
MY UNIFORM?



OH! YOU
ENGLISH? WHY
YOU DIDN'T
SAY 'I COME!
I TAKE YOU
TO VILLAGE!

WAIT!
I'LL GET
THE REST
OF THE BOYS
WHEN!

BANG



WHAT'S UP,
TWERP?

OVER
HERE, BOYLE!
HURRY!



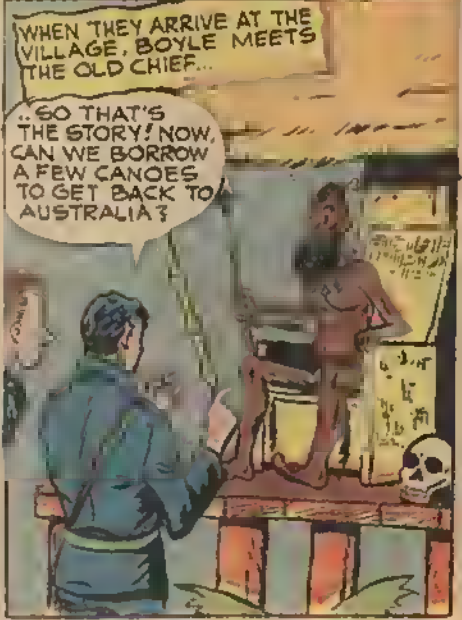
I SEE
YOU FOUND
A NATIVE!
DOES HE
SPEAK
ENGLISH?

OH SURE!
I GOT EVERY-
THING FIXED!
WE'RE PRAC-
TICALLY IN!



WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE
VILLAGE, BOYLE MEETS
THE OLD CHIEF...

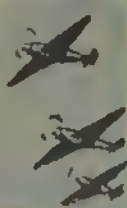
SO THAT'S
THE STORY! NOW,
CAN WE BORROW
A FEW CANOES
TO GET BACK TO
AUSTRALIA?



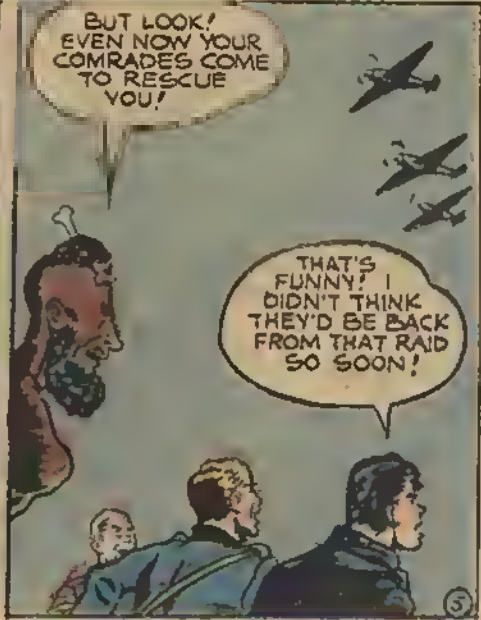
ENGLISHMAN
OUR FRIEND!
WE LEND YOU
CANOES MANNED
BY OUR STRONGEST
ROWERS!



BUT LOOK!
EVEN NOW YOUR
COMRADES COME
TO RESCUE
YOU!



THAT'S
FUNNY! I
DIDN'T THINK
THEY'D BE BACK
FROM THAT RAID
SO SOON!





TAKEN PRISONER BY THE NATIVES, THE BOYS ARE HERDED INTO A BIG ENCLOSURE...

WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT! THEY KNEW THESE HEAD-HUNTERS WERE FRIENDLY!

THERE'S A BIG POW-WOW GOIN' ON...?? WHAT? DID YOU SAY HEADHUNTERS?

S-SAY, PAL WE COULDN'T HELP IT ABOUT YOUR CHIEF!... WH-WHATS GONNA HAPPEN TO US?

OOOH! GOSH!

S-SAY, SARGE, THEY'RE GOING TO C-CUT OFF OUR HEADS!

LOOK! A GERMAN PLANE JUST LANDED! WHAT'S UP?

I AM BARON SCHLAGSBACH! I WANT TO SEE! YOUR CHIEF!

TAKE ME TO HIM!

MY, MY! NOT HAPPENED HERE? EFFEYTHING ALL BUSTED! TSK! TSK! DOSE BRITISH, NO DOUBT! TOO BAD!

FOR NEARLY AN HOUR THE LONE NAZI AND THE NEW CHIEF CONFER... THEN...

GOOT! IT'S ALL SETTLED, OEN! OUR SOLDIERS VILL START ARRIVING AT ONCE! IT'S A PLEASURE TO OEAAL MIT A SMART MAN!

YES! THEY WILL BE WELCOME!

THE DOPE! HE'S SELLING OUT TO THE NAZIS AND JAPS! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! BUT HOW?

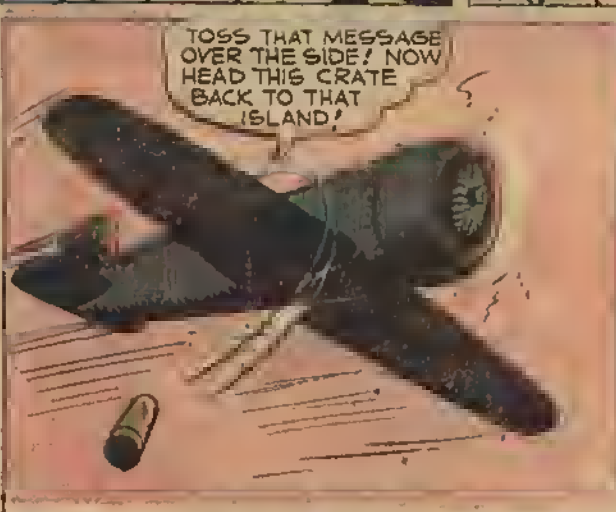
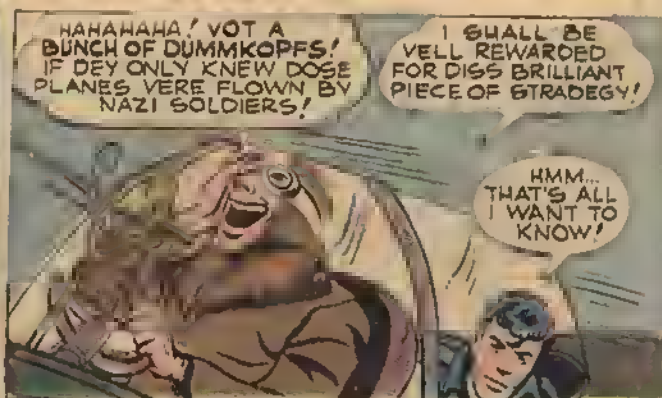
PSST!

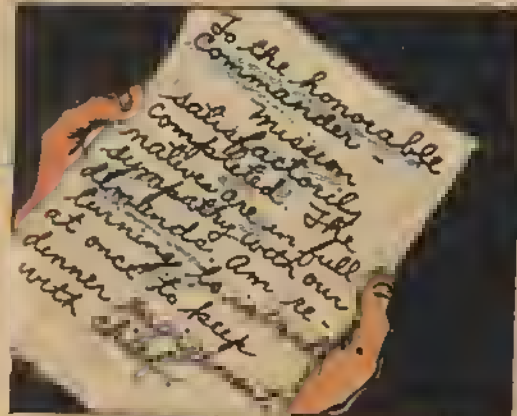
OH IT'S YOU AGAIN! LISTEN! YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF THE JAPS OVER-RUN YOUR ISLAND! YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME OUT OF HERE!

QUICK! THIS WAY! I LET YOU OUT!

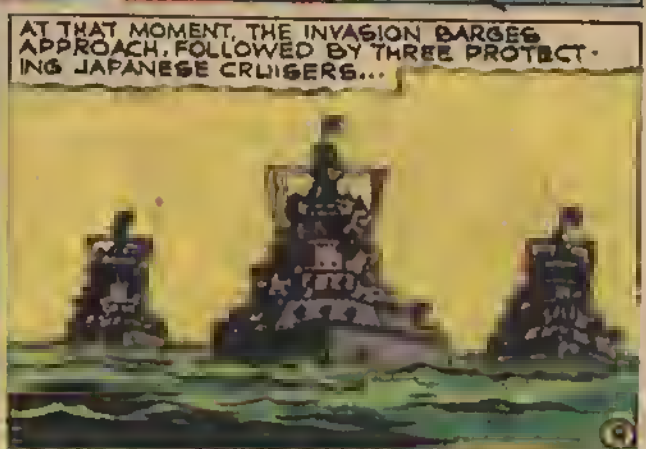
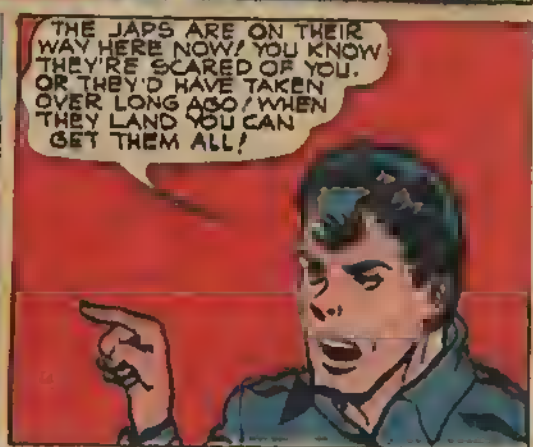
NOW IF I CAN JUST GET TO THAT PLANE BEFORE THAT NAZI DOES!

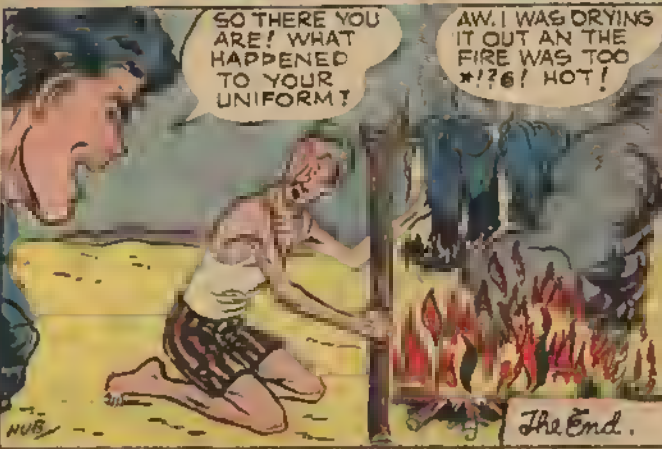
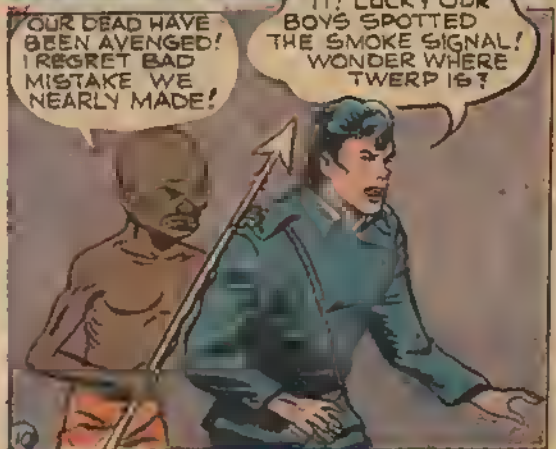
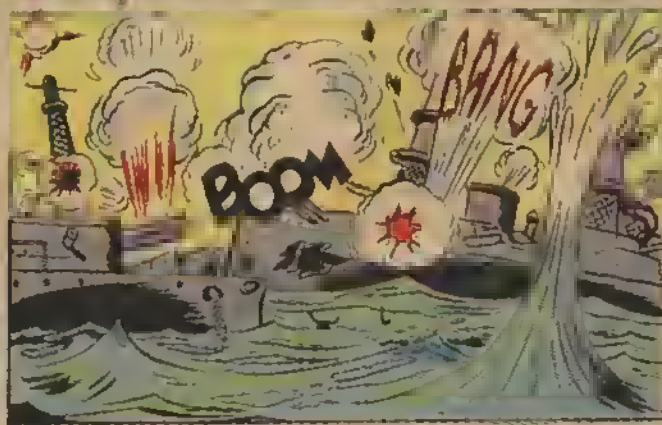
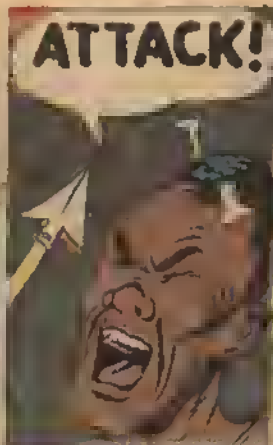






MEANWHILE BOYLE AND HIS PRISONER RETURN TO THE ISLAND...








JACKPOT'S HALL OF FAME

PATROL WING NO.10 OF U.S. NAVY

HERE IS A TALE TORN OUT OF A
CLOUDLESS SKY...A SKY BLACK WITH
SWARMS OF JAP ZERO FIGHTERS
GPATTERING WHITE HOT PELLETS
OF DEATH AGAINST THOSE FLYING
SONG OF THE NAVY'S AIR ARMY.
PATROL WING NO.10!

JACKPOT'S HALL OF FAME
TAKES OFF ITS HAT TO THE
BOMBER PATROL WHICH
STARTED AT LUZON WITH 40
BIG PBYS AND IN THE FACE OF
OVERWHELMING ODDS KEPT
'EM FLYIN' FOR THREE MONTHS
...ENDING ITS NON-STOP BLAST-
ING OF ENEMY SHIPS AND
SHORES IN AUSTRALIA WITH
TWO FLYING FLAME-THROWERS
LEFT!



MADE IN U.S.A "IS STAMPED ON THE
BOMB THAT SINKS THE RISING SUN.
IT IS ANOTHER INCIDENT IN THE
STORY OF PATWING 10, THE AF-
FECTIONATE NICKNAME FOR THE
BOMBER PATROL!..



FOR INSTANCE THERE'S THE STORY OF CHIEF AVIATION MATE, T.T. BOND OF OGDEN, UTAH...

OKAY, GANG -
THAT TAKES CARE
OF THAT LOAD!
I'LL TURN HER
BACK TO JAVA!

AS T.T.
BOND'S
LONE
BOMBER
WHEELS
ABOUT...

OH, OH,
HERE
COMES
TROUBLE!

MAN
THE GUNS!
WE'RE 12,000 FEET
ABOVE THE SEA!
LET'S STAY THERE!

...SUDDENLY FROM
THE CLOUDS DART A
HORNET'S NEST OF
JAP ZERO PLANES!

THAT'S HOW MANY'LL
BE LEFT WHEN I GET
THROUGH WITH 'EM
...UNGHHH!
OHHHHH!

THEY'VE
GOT MAC! WE'LL
HAVE TO JUMP FOR IT -
FOUR AT A TIME! TAKE
OVER, BANNOWSKY!

HEY, MAC,
WHY DO THEY
CALL 'EM ZER
PLANES!

I'LL PUT HER
INTO A DIVE,
BOND!



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GETTING A DOSE OF LEAD POISONING! THOSE YELLOW DOGS KNOW WE'VE NO PROTECTION!



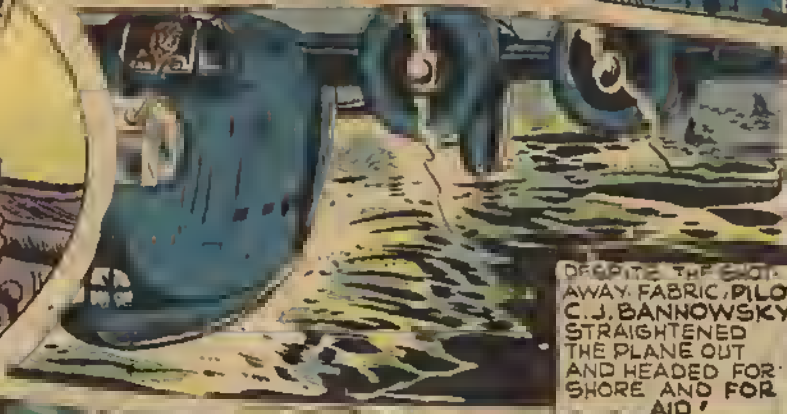
I HOPE BANNOWSKY AND THE REST OF THE BOYS BAILED OUT IN TIME!

BUT HAD THEY! BACK IN THE PLANE...AS IT DIVES FOR THE WATER...

WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE WATER TO JUMP NOW! OUR CHUTES WILL NEVER OPEN IN TIME!



OKAY THEN! TRY TO PULL HER OUT OF THIS. UNH-UNH! EASY DOES IT!



DESPITE THE ENEMY'S AWAY FABRIC, PILOT C.J. BANNOWSKY STRAIGHTENED THE PLANE OUT AND HEADED FOR SHORE AND FOR AID!



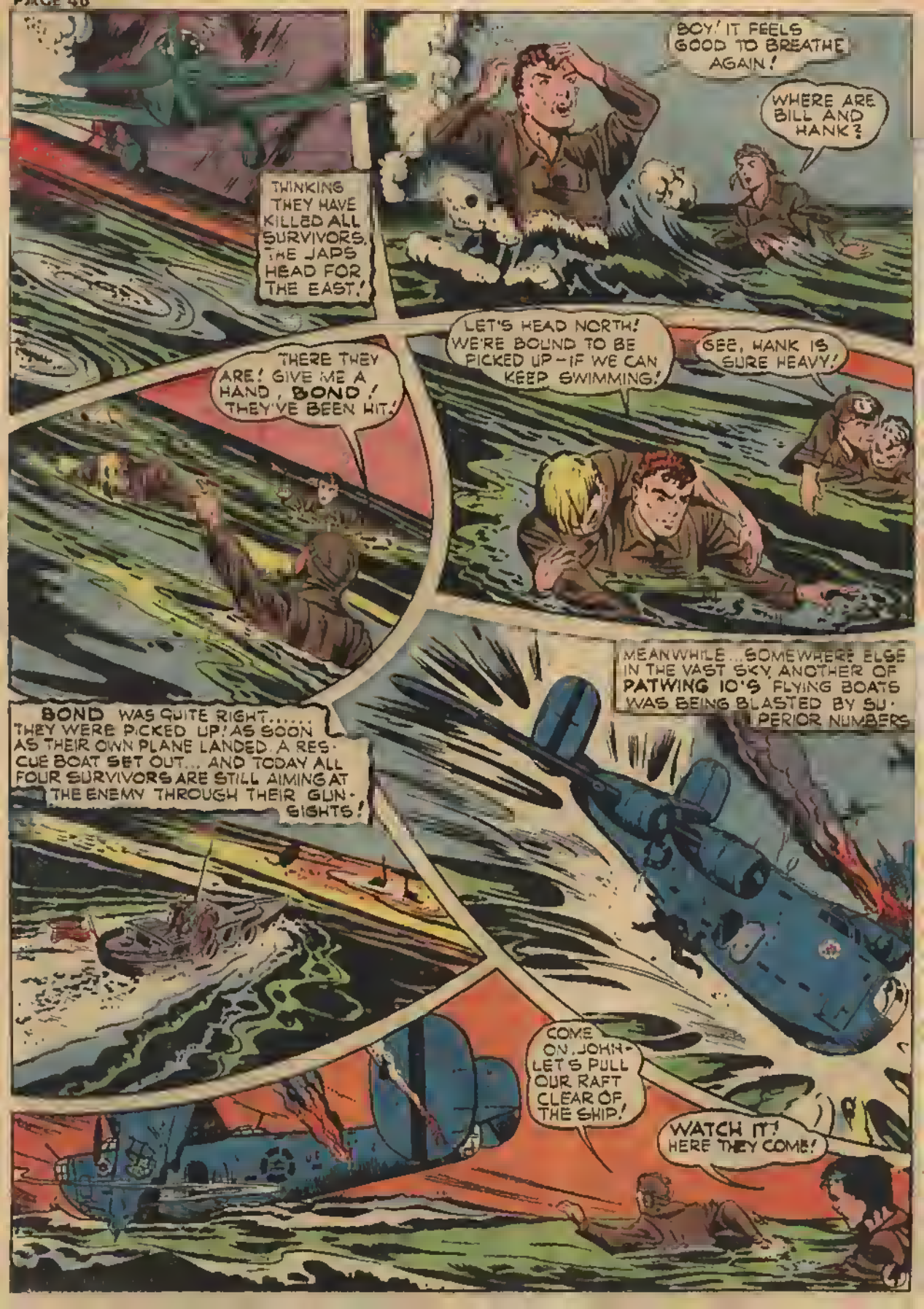
BOY! LOOK AT THAT BABY GO! TOO BAD WE JUMPED, AFTER ALL!



DUCK UNDER THE WATER, MEN!



BUT THE TREACHEROUS JAPS MACHINE GUNNED THE MEN IN THE WATER



THINKING
THEY HAVE
KILLED ALL
SURVIVORS,
THE JAPS
HEAD FOR
THE EAST!

BOY! IT FEELS
GOOD TO BREATHE
AGAIN!

WHERE ARE
BILL AND
HANK?

THERE THEY
ARE! GIVE ME A
HAND, BOND!
THEY'VE BEEN HIT!

LET'S HEAD NORTH!
WE'RE BOUND TO BE
PICKED UP - IF WE CAN
KEEP SWIMMING!

SEE, HANK IS
SURE HEAVY!

BOND WAS QUITE RIGHT.....
THEY WERE PICKED UP! AS SOON
AS THEIR OWN PLANE LANDED A RES-
CUE BOAT SET OUT... AND TODAY ALL
FOUR SURVIVORS ARE STILL AIMING AT
THE ENEMY THROUGH THEIR GUN-
SIGHTS!

MEANWHILE... SOMEWHERE ELSE
IN THE VAST SKY, ANOTHER OF
PATWING 10'S FLYING BOATS
WAS BEING BLASTED BY SU-
PERIOR NUMBERS

COME
ON, JOHN!
LET'S PULL
OUR RAFT
CLEAR OF
THE SHIP!

WATCH IT!
HERE THEY COME!

LOOK OUT, MIKE
THEY'RE STRAPING US!

WAIT'LL GET
MY HANDS ON OUR
MACHINE GUN!

HERE'S WHERE
WE GET SOME OF
OUR SCRAP METAL
BACK!

DOWN, BUT NOT OUT, THE CRIPPLED
PBV SENDS OUT THE LEADEN
DEATH WHICH PUTS THE JAPS
OUT OF COMMISSION...

THAT TAKES CARE
OF THEM! ANYONE
ELSE LIKE A TASTE
OF OUR ARTILLERY?

THOSE TWO GALLANT AIR-
MEN, MIKE KELLY OF MEN-
DAM, N.J. AND JOHN CUM-
BERLAND OF SALINA, KAN.,
DRIFTED FOR 20 HOURS..

IF ONLY
WE COULD
HELP!

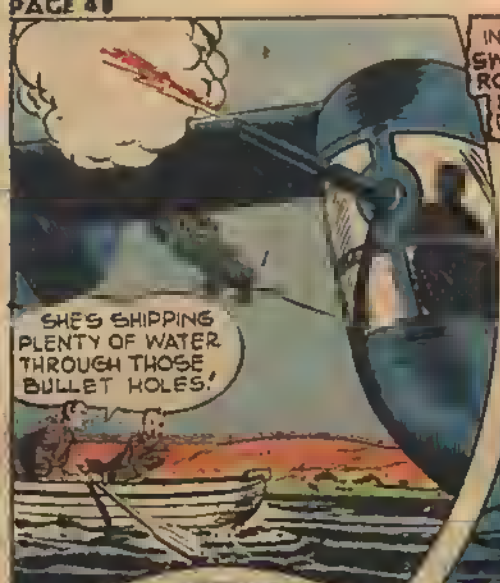
ONLY TWO OUT OF TWELVE
BOMBERS RETURNED:
PATWING 10 WAS DWIND-
LING RAPIDLY...
AND THEN ON CHRISTMAS
DAY - OVER THE BEACH ON
BATAAN - A DOGFIGHT
RAGED...

WATCHING WERE: LIEUT. H.R. SWENSON
OF STOCKTON, CALIF. AND
J.S. CLARK OF FAIRHOPE
ALABAMA.

HMM...MAYBE WE
CAN... LOOK, ONE OF
OUR PLANES IS IN
THE BAY!

THERE'S SOME-
BODY IN THERE...
HE'S STILL BLAZ-
ING AWAY AT
THOSE JAPS!

GOOD BOY!.. COME
ON! LET'S GIVE
HIM A HAND!



INSIDE THE DAMAGED BOMBER
SWENSON AND CLARK FOUND
ROLAND FOSTER OF HARVEY.
N.O. CARRYING ON THE TRA-
DITIONS OF PATWING 10

IT'S FOSTER! NICE
GOING, LAD! IS THERE
ANOTHER GUN HANDY?



SHE'S SHIPPING
PLENTY OF WATER
THROUGH THOSE
BULLET HOLES!



YEAH... BUT YOU GUYS
CAN DO A LOT MORE
GOOD BY BAILING THE
WATER OUTTA THIS
CRATE!



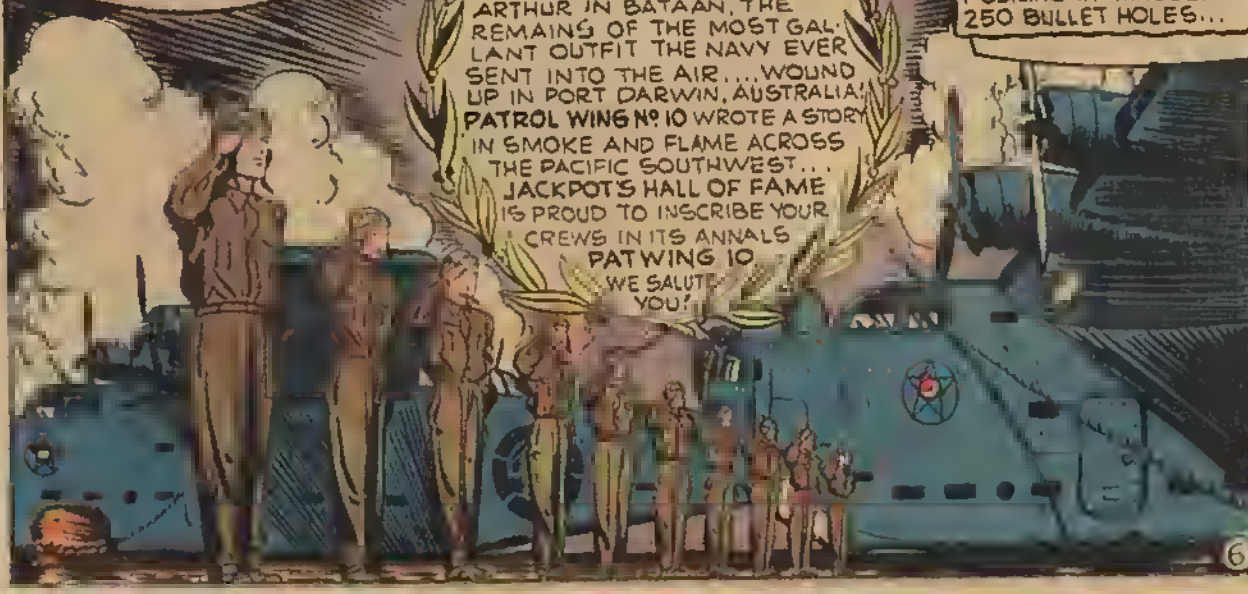
I'LL HANDLE
THE SHOOTING
END!



NOT A BAD JOB
OF HANDLING, IF
I DO SAY SO MY-
SELF!

MECHANIC FOSTER NOT
ONLY MANNED ALL THREE
GUNS OF THE FLOATING
HULK, BUT MANNED THE
PUMPS WHICH PUMPED
OUT WATER THAT WAS
POURING IN THROUGH
250 BULLET HOLES...

FIRST THERE WERE
FORTY.. AND NOW THERE
ARE TWO! AFTER FIVE
WEEKS WITH GENERAL MAC
ARTHUR IN BATAAN, THE
REMAINS OF THE MOST GAL-
LANT OUTFIT THE NAVY EVER
SENT INTO THE AIR... WOUND
UP IN PORT DARWIN, AUSTRALIA!
PATROL WING NO. 10 WROTE A STORY
IN SMOKE AND FLAME ACROSS
THE PACIFIC SOUTHWEST...
JACKPOT'S HALL OF FAME
IS PROUD TO INSCRIBE YOUR
CREWS IN ITS ANNALS
PATWING 10
WE SALUTE
YOU!





THE DOLLAR SIGN ORIGINATED FROM A RIBBON ENTWINED DESIGN ON THE SPANISH DOLLAR WIDELY USED IN COLONIAL AMERICA.



IF THE COCCON OF THE SILK WORM IS UNWOUND THE THREAD MAY BE AS LONG AS $9\frac{1}{4}$ OF A MILE....

-6155



MAGPIES

NATIVES OF THE MIDWEST AND NORTHWEST, U.S., ARE THE HIGHWAY ROBBERS OF THE BIRD FAMILY... ALSO THE MOST INTELLIGENT, IF CAPTURED WHILE YOUNG THEY MAY BE TAMED AND TAUGHT TO TALK...



GLACIERS OF THE LAST ICE AGE DREW SO MUCH WATER FROM THE SEA THAT THEY LOWERED ITS LEVEL OVER 300 FT.... ISLANDS LIKE ENGLAND WERE THEN CONNECTED WITH THE CONTINENT.

LAUGH! LAUGH! LAUGH!

in the **SEPT. TOP-NOTCH LAUGH** comics!

YOU'LL LAUGH UNTIL YOUR RIBS ACHE, UNTIL TEARS ARE IN YOUR EYES, UNTIL YOU CAN'T CATCH YOUR BREATH — AS YOU WATCH THE ANTICS OF **POKEY OAKEY**, THE FUNNIEST FUNNY MAN OF THEM ALL; **SUZIE**, THE WACKIEST DAMSEL THIS SIDE OF THE MOON; **SEÑOR SIESTA**, THE SCREWY SOUTH AMERICAN; **SNOOP MCGOOK**, THE WORLD'S DUMBEST DETECTIVE; **THE THREE MONKEYTEERS**; AND MANY OTHERS...



ALSO FEATURING **THE BLACK HOOD**, IN DESPERATE COMBAT WITH THAT ARCH-MURDERER, **THE MOLD**, WHOSE DEATH WEAPON HORRIFIES THE NATION!... WATCH FOR YOUR COPY OF THE **SEPT. TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!**

MR JUSTICE



THE SPIRIT WORLD IS IN REVOLT, AND FOR THE FIRST SINCE HE BEGAN FERRYING THE SOULS OF THE DEAD ACROSS THE RIVER STYX, CHARON, THE FERRYMAN, CARRIES A CARGO BACK TO THE MORTAL WORLD. ... WHY THIS BIZARRE REBELLION? WHAT ARE THE PLANS OF THESE MUTINOUS SPIRITS? THE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS ARE DESTINED TO GIVE MR. JUSTICE THE WEIRDEST, MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE OF HIS CAREER!

FELLOW CITIZENS OF A BYGONE AGE, I, JULIUS CAESAR, HAVE ASKED YOU TO MEET TO DISCUSS THE WORLD OF 1942! I FEEL THE EARTH IS CRUMBLING UNDER THE RULE OF WAR LORDS!

EET EES TIME! OUR EARTHLY REPRESENTATIVE, MONSIEUR JUSTICE - HE DO NOTHING! HE EES BIG FAILURE!

I NOMINATE YOU, THREE MUSKETEERS, AND YOU, NAPOLEON...

...TO GO FORTH INTO THE WORLD
TO PREVENT THE PRESENT-
DAY HOLOCAUST!



WE WILL SUCCEED
WHERE MONSIEUR
JUSTICE, HE 'AS
FAILED, ALLONS!



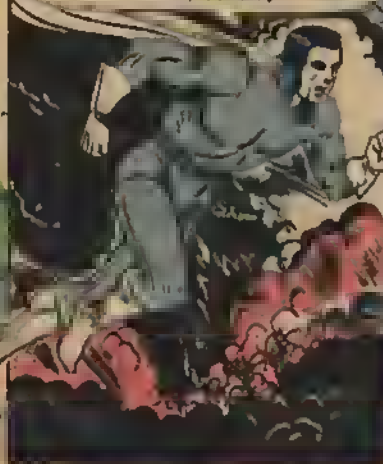
THE THREE MUSKETEERS
SET FORTH GAILY SINGING...



ACROSS THE CHASM THAT
SEPARATES THE LIVING FROM
THE DEAD, MR. JUSTICE
SENSES THE PRESENCE
OF IMMORTAL BEINGS..



THE HOUSE BOAT ON THE
STYX! THAT'S WHERE THESE
VIBRATIONS ARE COMING
FROM!



WHO'S
IN CHARGE
HERE?



YOU'RE UP
TO SOMETHING.
WHAT IS IT?

WE HAVE BECOME DIS-
GUSTED, CITIZEN JUSTICE
AT YOUR INABILITY TO KEEP
THE WORLD AT PEACE. THERE
FORE, WE'VE SENT OUT THE
THREE MUSKETEERS AND
NAPOLEON TO ACCOMPLISH
THIS MISSION!



GREAT HEAVENS! THEY WON'T
BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING...
WARFARE HAS CHANGED
TREMENDOUSLY SINCE
THE DAYS OF PORTHOS,
ATHOS AND ARAMIS



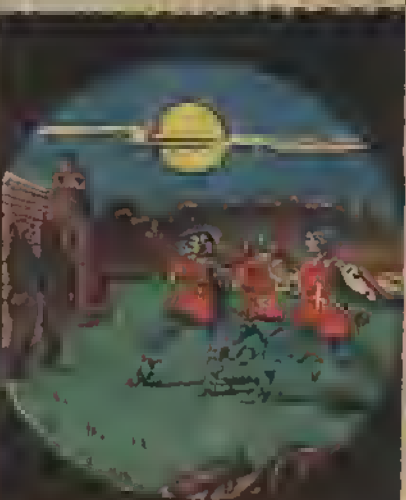
I'VE
GOT TO
STOP
THEM!

THE SCENE CHANGES, RE-
VEALING THE THREE MUSKET-
EERS SWAGGERING
THROUGH WAR-TORN EUROPE



LOOK, MES AMIS! EET
SAY "CONCENTRATION,
CAMP"... LET US
RESCUE THE
PRISONERS!

SINGING AT THE TOP OF THEIR
LUNGS, THE THREE MUSKETEER
CHARGE AT THE BEWILDER-
ED GUARDS...



"ENG...RDE"

WHY
LOOK AT
THE...

STRANGE WAY
THEY HOLD THEIR
WEAPONS!

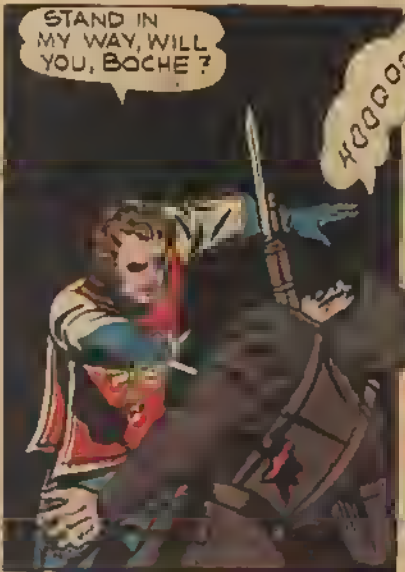


WITH THE DEXTERITY THAT MADE THEM
HEROES OF FRANCE, THE FENCING TRIO GET
RID OF THEIR
ADVERSARIES

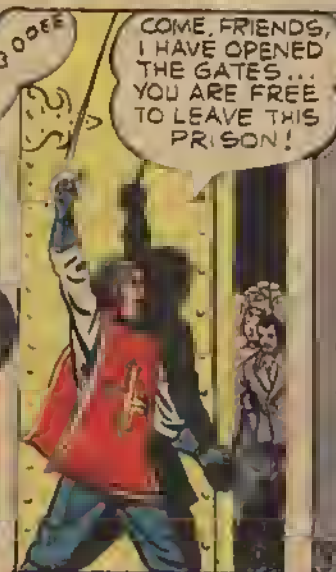
TOUCHÉ!



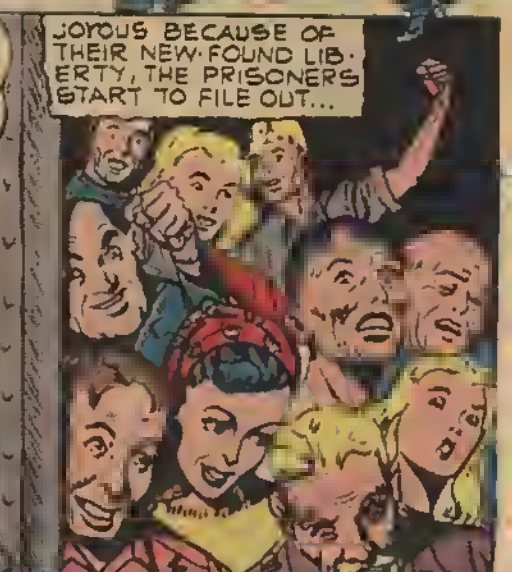
STAND IN
MY WAY, WILL
YOU, BOCHE?



COME, FRIENDS,
I HAVE OPENED
THE GATES...
YOU ARE FREE
TO LEAVE THIS
PRISON!



JOYOUS BECAUSE OF
THEIR NEW-FOUND LIB-
ERTY, THE PRISONERS
START TO FILE OUT...



ACH, HANS, SOMEONE HAS LET OUR PRISONERS OUT... I'LL CHANGE THEIR MINDS FOR THEM!

ACHTUNG! AIM! FIRE!

THE RAIN OF LEAD DEATH SNUFFS OUT THE LIVES OF ESCAPING PRISONERS... AND AS THE NAZI GUARDS CONTINUE THEIR MASSACRE.....

THE THREE MUSKETEERS STAND AGHAST AT THE CARNAGE...

LOOK! THEY ARE KILLING PRISONERS OF WAR!

IMPOSSIBLE!

IT CAN'T BE!

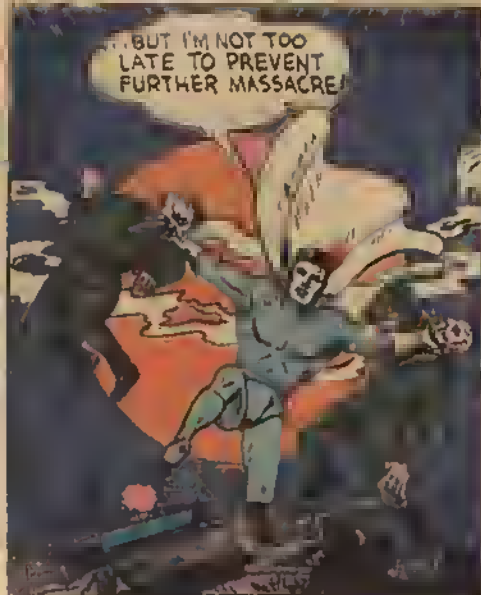
WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

ALL OUR FAULT!

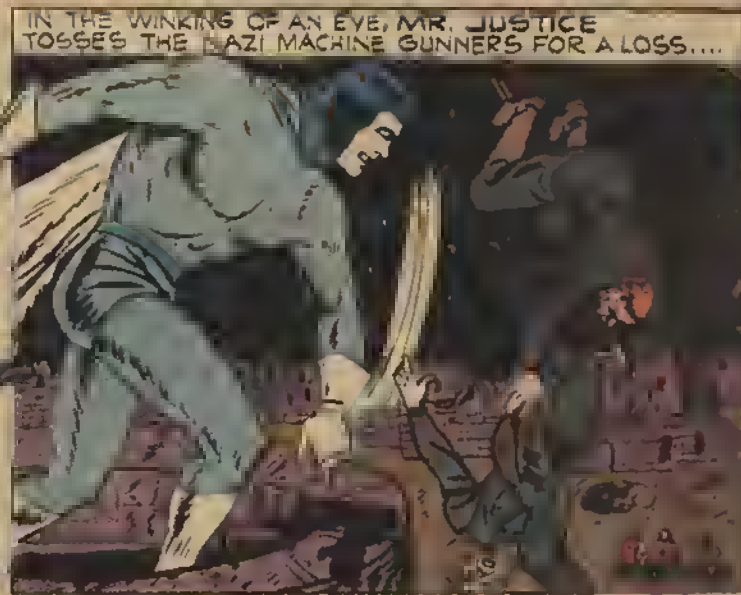
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THEY ARE NOT FOLLOWING THE RULES OF WAR!

IN THE MEANTIME, THE WRAITHLIKE FORM OF MR. JUSTICE SPEEDS TO THE SCENE...

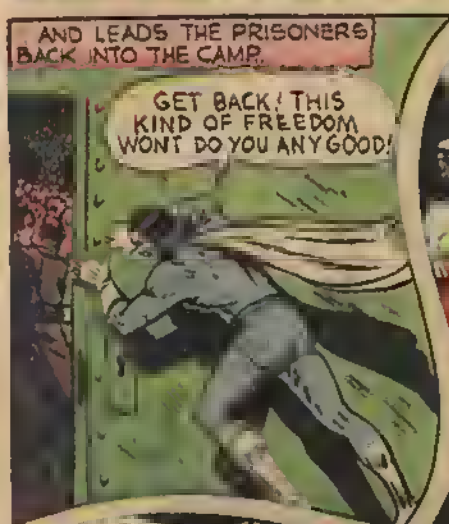
TOO LATE! THE DAMAGE IS DONE.



BUT I'M NOT TOO LATE TO PREVENT FURTHER MASSACRE!



IN THE WINKING OF AN EYE, MR. JUSTICE TOSSES THE NAZI MACHINE GUNNERS FOR A LOSS...

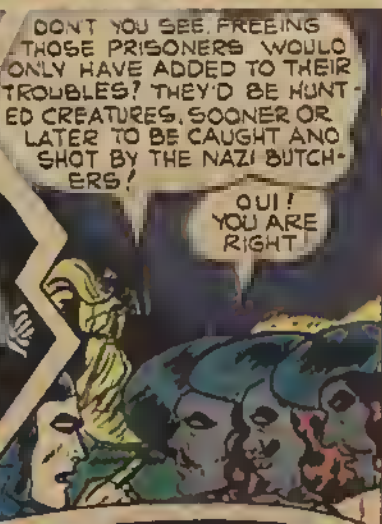


AND LEADS THE PRISONERS BACK INTO THE CAMP.

GET BACK! THIS KIND OF FREEDOM WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!



COME ON, MEN! LET'S GET TO THE RIVER STYX. YOU SPIRITS HAVE CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE

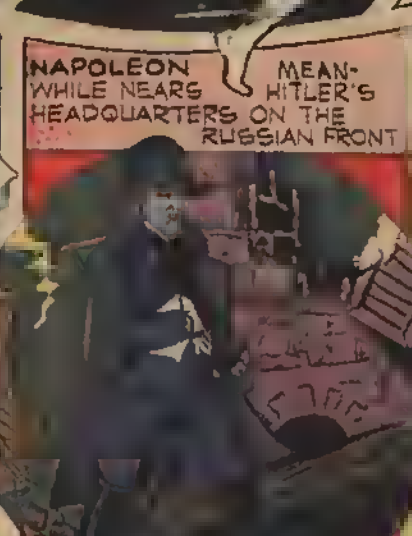


DON'T YOU SEE, FREEING THOSE PRISONERS WOULD ONLY HAVE ADDED TO THEIR TROUBLES? THEY'D BE HUNTED CREATURES, SOONER OR LATER TO BE CAUGHT AND SHOT BY THE NAZI BUTCHERS!

OUI! YOU ARE RIGHT!



I HOPE I CAN CONVINCE NAPOLEON OF THAT- IF HE HASN'T GONE TOO FAR ALREADY!



NAPOLEON WHILE NEARS HITLER'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT



KARL! LOOK!

ACH VAS? NAPOLEON?

MR. JUSTICE HURTTLES IN TO THE ETHER IN HOT PUR-
SUIT OF



HIMMEL —
I MUST BE
GOING CRAZY!

HE
WALKED
RIGHT THROUGH
US!



I MUST SPEAK TO
HITLER HIMSELF!



ARE YOU ADOLF
HITLER? I AM
NAPOLEON!

V-VHAT?

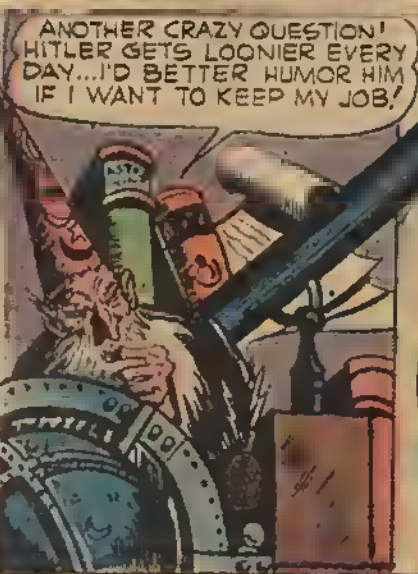


HMMM!
VE SHALL
SEE IF
HE IS OR
HE ISN'T!
IF HE IS A
DISGUISED
SPY, I KILL
HIM! IF HE
REALLY IS
NAPOLEON,
I KISS
HIM!



HELLO, CHIEF NAZI ASTROLOGER?
TELL ME IF DER HEAVENS ARE
PROFITIOUS FOR A VISIT FROM
NAPOLEON?

WONDER WHAT
THAT BOX IS
HE SPEAKS
INTO?

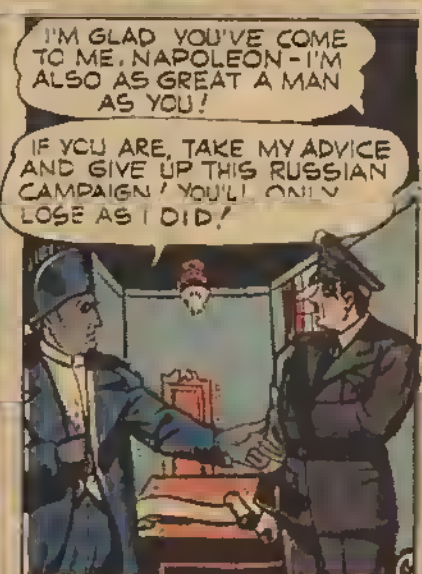


ANOTHER CRAZY QUESTION!
HITLER GETS LOONIER EVERY
DAY...I'D BETTER HUMOR HIM
IF I WANT TO KEEP MY JOB!



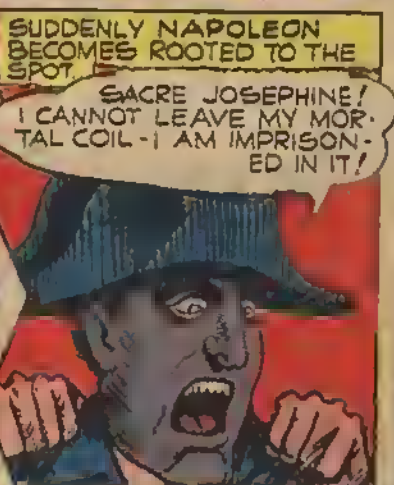
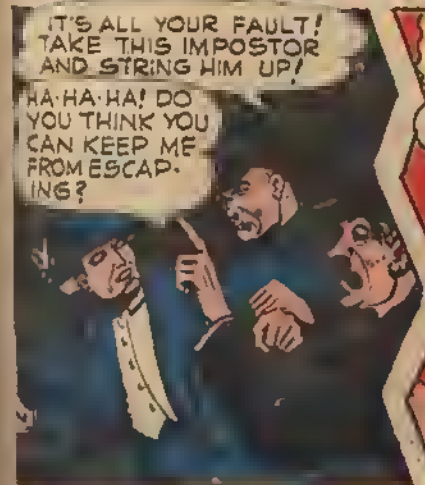
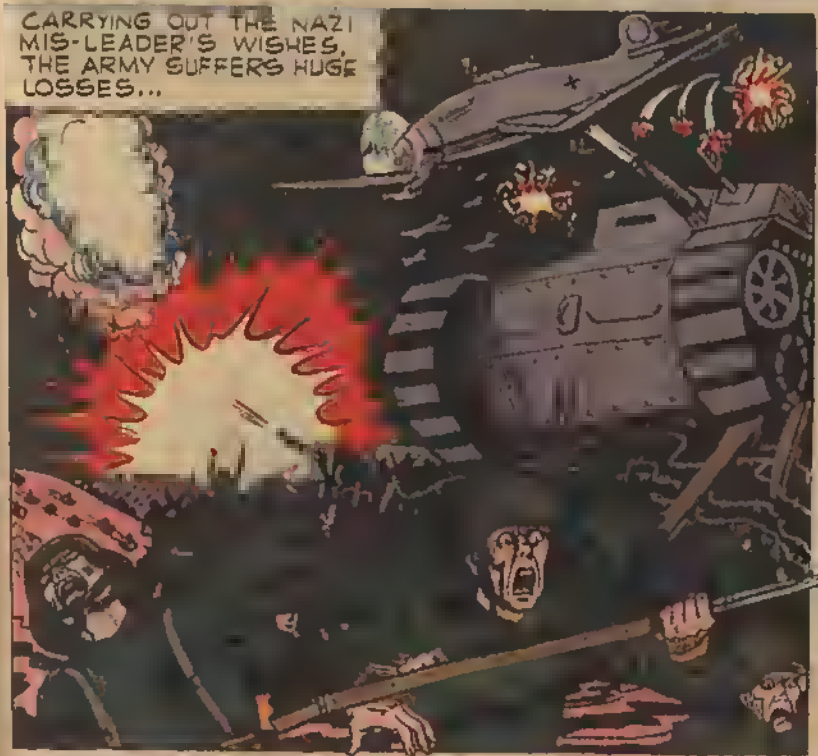
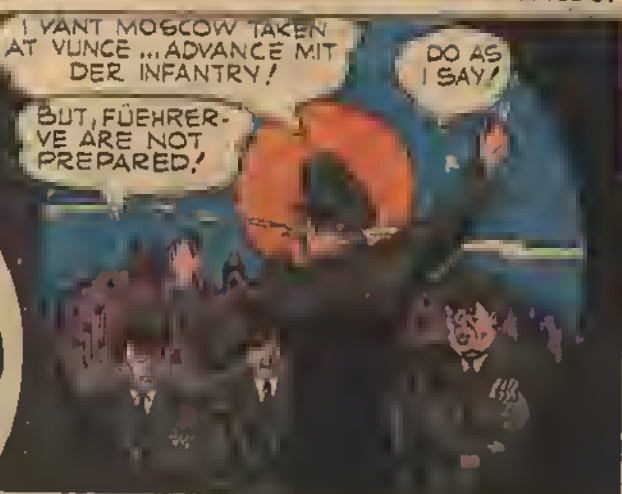
OF COURSE, HERR
HITLER...I WOULD
NOT BE SURPRISED
IE NAPOLEON DROP
PED IN TO SEE
YOU TODAY!

GOOT!
GOOT!

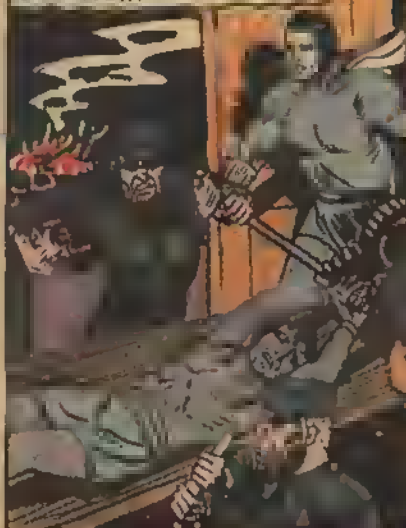


I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME
TO ME, NAPOLEON—I'M
ALSO AS GREAT A MAN
AS YOU!

IF YOU ARE, TAKE MY ADVICE
AND GIVE UP THIS RUSSIAN
CAMPAIGN! YOU'LL ONLY
LOSE AS I DID!



IN A FLASH, MR. JUSTICE ENTERS...



...AND HIS FISTS FLASH OUT LIKE TWIN THUNDER BOLTS...



...MR. JUSTICE DISPOSES OF THE LAST TWO TORTURERS...



YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE RIVER STYX, NAP. OLEON!

I CANNOT LEAVE THIS MORTAL FORM I ASSUMED!



WELL THEN, I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU A HAND!



BACK TO THE RIVER OF DEAD SOULS WE GO!

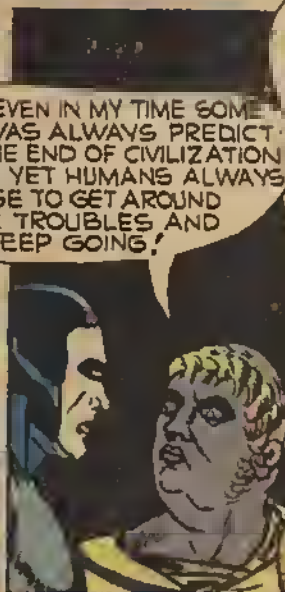


LATER...

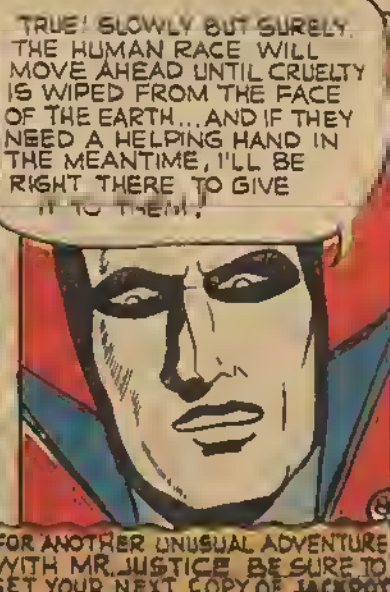
NOW, WHAT IS THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU GENTLEMEN COMPLAINING?...ER. HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO SAY, NERO?



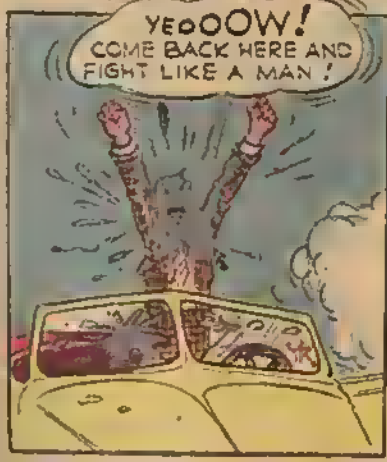
YES! EVEN IN MY TIME SOME ONE WAS ALWAYS PREDICTING THE END OF CIVILIZATION ... AND YET HUMANS ALWAYS MANAGE TO GET AROUND THEIR TROUBLES AND KEEP GOING!



TRUE! SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE HUMAN RACE WILL MOVE AHEAD UNTIL CRUELTY IS WIPED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH... AND IF THEY NEED A HELPING HAND IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL BE RIGHT THERE TO GIVE IT TO THEM!



FOR ANOTHER UNUSUAL ADVENTURE WITH MR. JUSTICE BE SURE TO GET YOUR NEXT COPY OF JACKPOT



TRY THIS
BOMB ON YOUR
BEEZER, BUM!



?

?



HE MUST LIKE
MUD THE WAY HE
INSISTS ON WALLOW-
ING IN IT... HUMPH!
AND I DIDN'T EVEN
LAY A FINGER ON
HIM!

I'LL GET
EVEN WITH THAT
GUY IF IT'S THE
LAST THING
I DO!



That day... ARCHIE
IS PATCHING THE PATCHES
ON HIS INNERTUBES...

HEY!
ARE YOU
ARCHIE
ANDREWS?

HUH?
Y-YES
SIR!

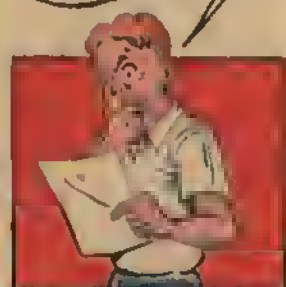


GOT A COURT ORDER FOR YOU!
YOU'VE GOTTA KEEP THAT JALOPY
OF YOURS OFF THE STREETS OR
THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WILL
BE FORCED TO CONFISCATE IT!
THE COMMISSIONER SAYS IT'S
A HAZARD TO PUBLIC SAFETY!

WHAT!

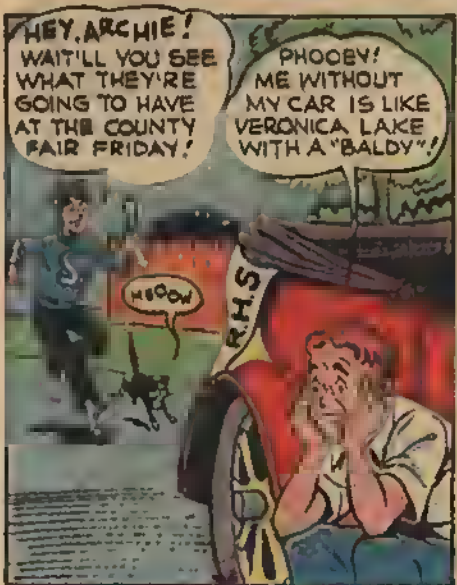


HMM... NO BRAKES,
NO MUFFLER, NO HORN,
NO LIGHTS... IN FACT
... NO CAR! ... SIGNED
HIGHWAY COMMISSION-
ER MANTLE! OH! IT
DOESN'T TAKE A QUIZ
TO FIGURE OUT
THAT CONNECTION!
... REGGIE, THE RAT!



HEY, ARCHIE!
WAIT'LL YOU SEE
WHAT THEY'RE
GOING TO HAVE
AT THE COUNTY
FAIR FRIDAY!

PHOOBY!
ME WITHOUT
MY CAR IS LIKE
VERONICA LAKE
WITH A "BALDY"!



NO KIDDIN',
ARCHIE! READ
THIS! IT'S MADE
TO ORDER FOR
US!

WILL YOU GET
THAT DARN CAT
OFF ME!

ALL RIGHT!
LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU'VE
GOT!



SAY! YOU'RE RIGHT!
THAT COURT ORDER JUST
SAID TO KEEP MY CAR OFF
THE STREETS. I CAN GET
IN THIS RACE AND WIN
A NEW CAR!
WOW!



NEXT MORNING AT SCHOOL

ARE YOU REALLY GOING IN THE JALOPPY RACE, ARCHIE?

ISN'T IT EXCITING!

AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF THE DANGER, ARCHIE?

I HOPE YOU WIN, ARCHIE! IT'S AN AWFULLY NICE ROADSTER!

CAN YOU BEAT IT! THAT WOULD-BE BARNEY OLDFIELD GOES IN A RACE AND THOSE DIZZY DAMES FALL ALL OVER HIM... WELL, TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME!

YEAH, THAT'S IT - I WANT THAT MOTOR TAKEN OUT AND PUT IN THE OLDEST JALOPPY YOU HAVE!

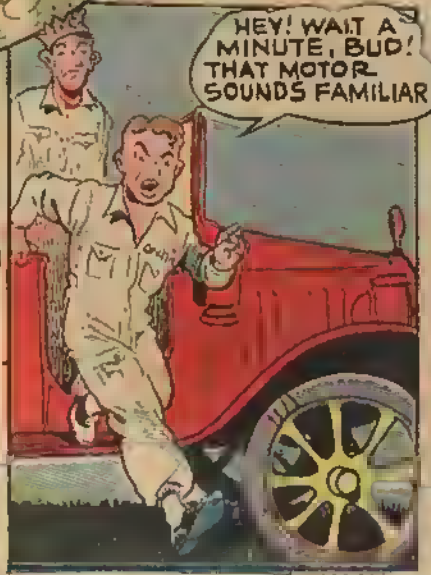
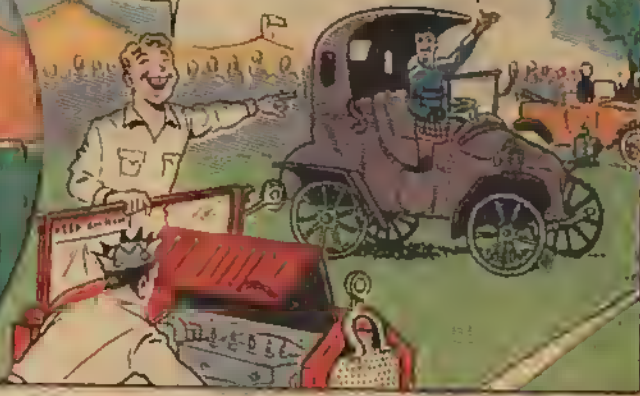
IT WOULD LOOK BETTER IN A TANK!

JALOPPY CROSS COUNTRY RACE

FRIDAY, DAY OF THE RACE

HA! HA! HA! GET A LOAD OF THAT SEWING MACHINE REGGIE'S GOING TO RACE - I'LL BET HE CAN'T EVEN START IT!

GO AHEAD! LAUGH, SUCKER!

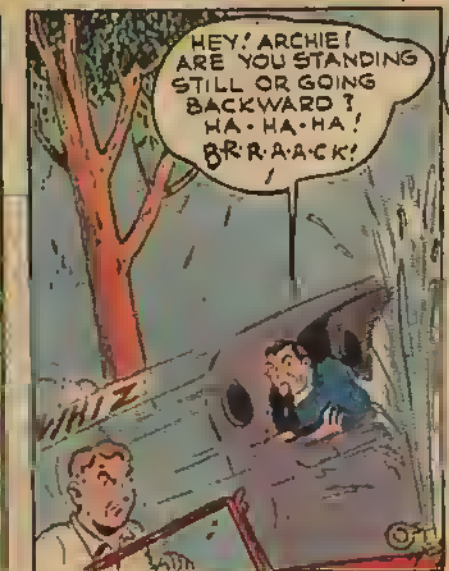
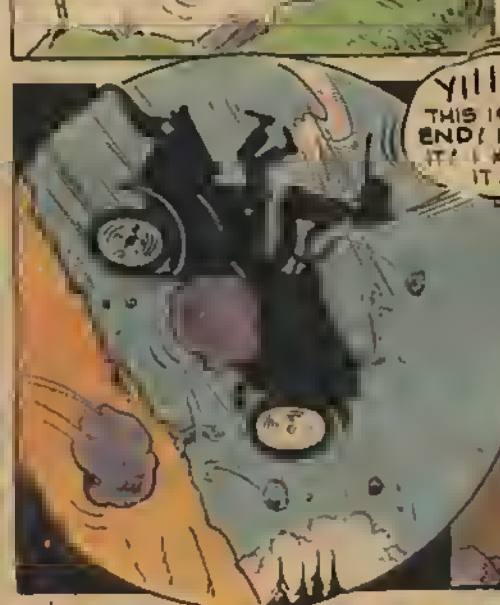
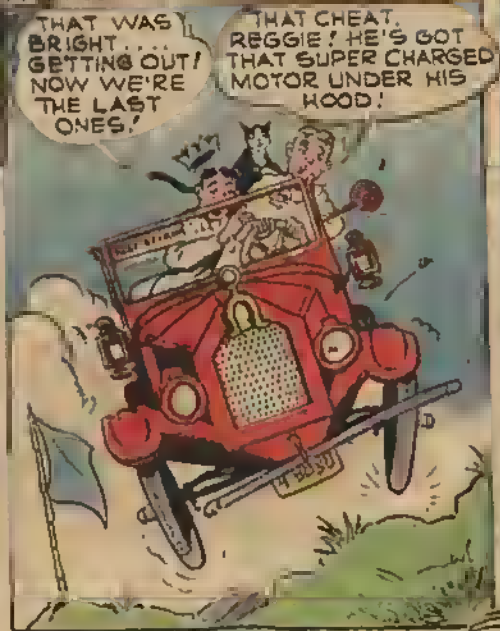


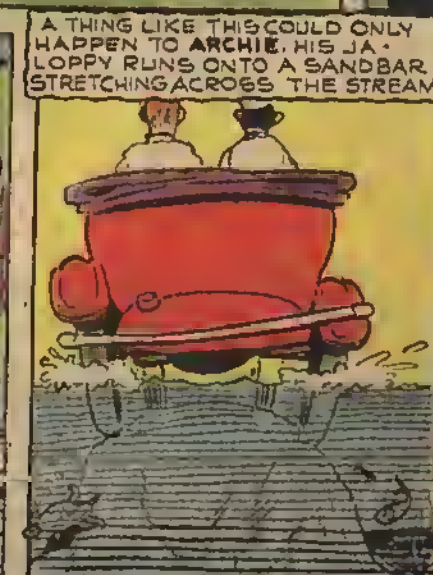
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE, BUD! THAT MOTOR SOUNDS FAMILIAR!

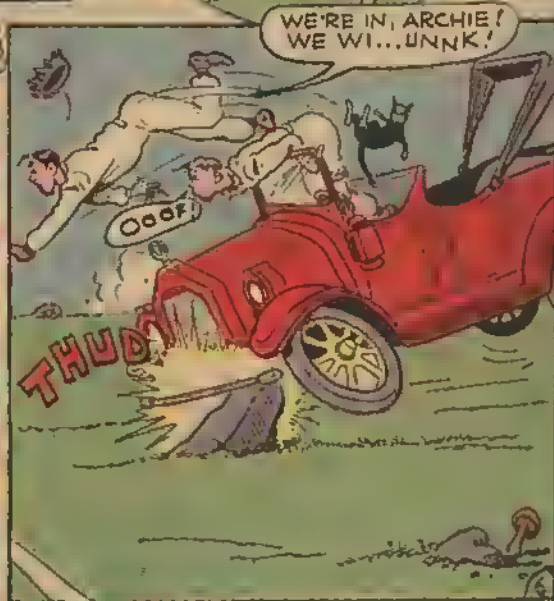
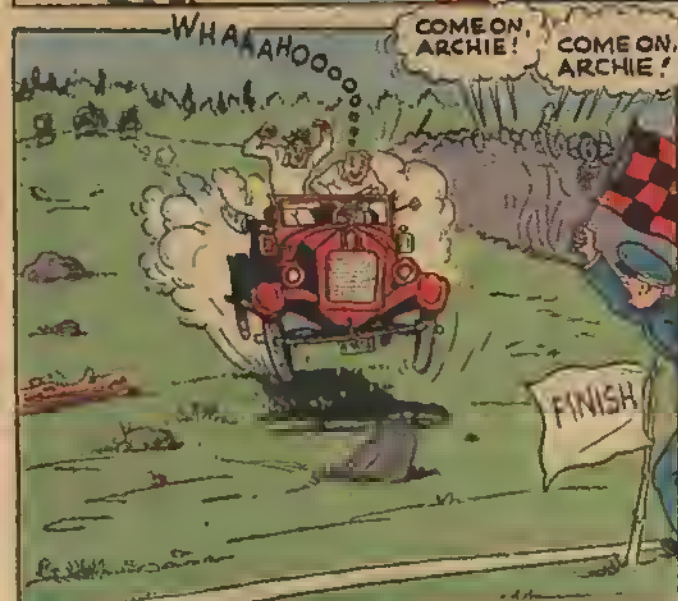
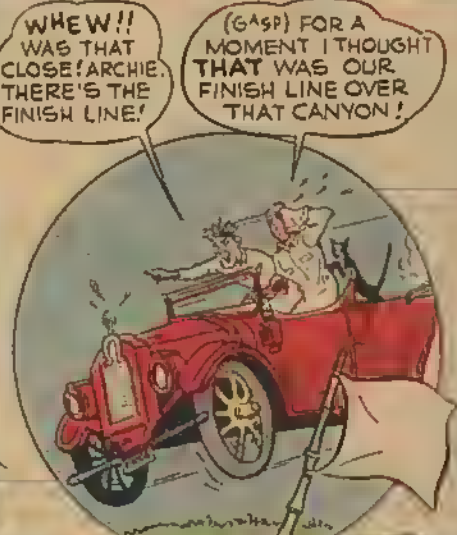
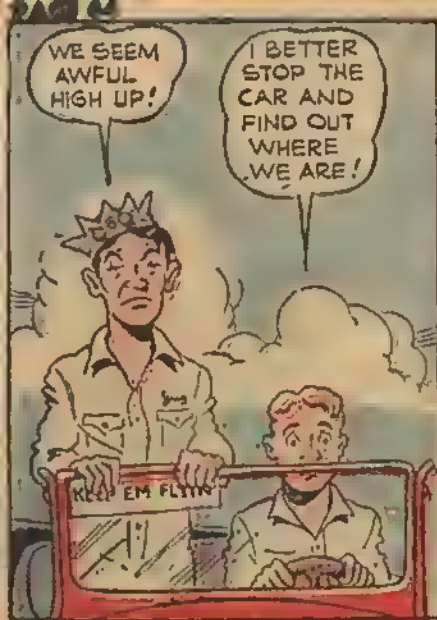


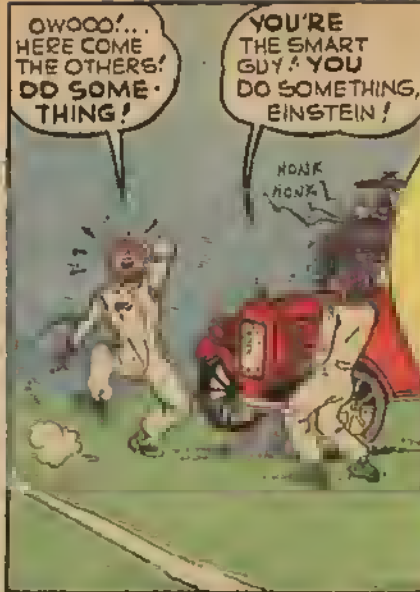
BANG THEY'RE OFF!

ARCHIE, QUICK! GET BACK IN HERE - THE RACE HAS STARTED!





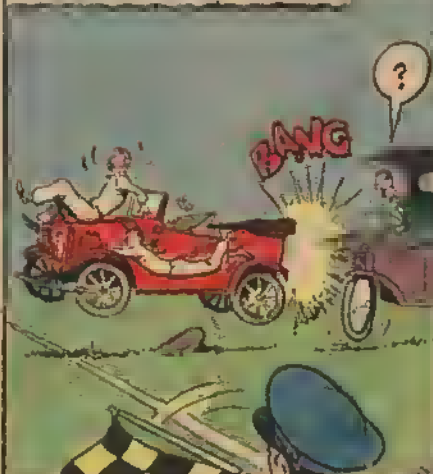




YOU'RE THE SMART GUY, YOU DO SOMETHING, EINSTEIN!

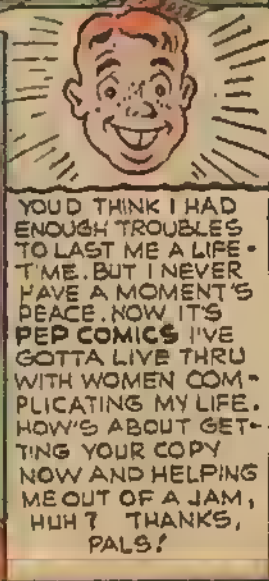
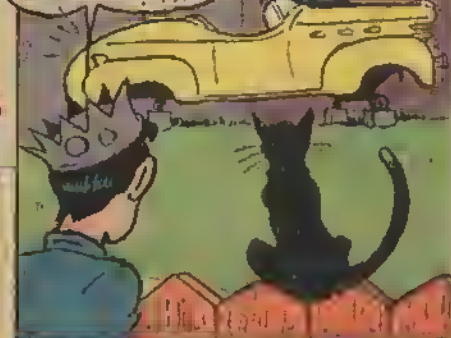


REGGIE'S SWERVING CAR RAMS INTO ARCHIE'S AND SENDS IT ACROSS THE FINISH LINE...

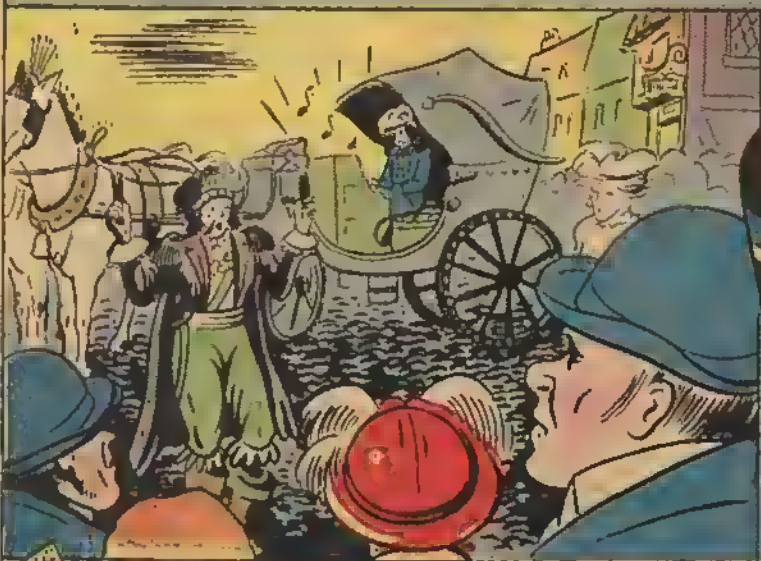


OH, I FIXED THAT, HEH HEH, YOU KNOW ME, VERONICA!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT GUY, ARCHIE? HE WINS A SWEET NEW ROADSTER AND BY MORNING HE HAS THE LIGHTS, WHEELS AND HORN OFF AND THE BRAKES OUT!



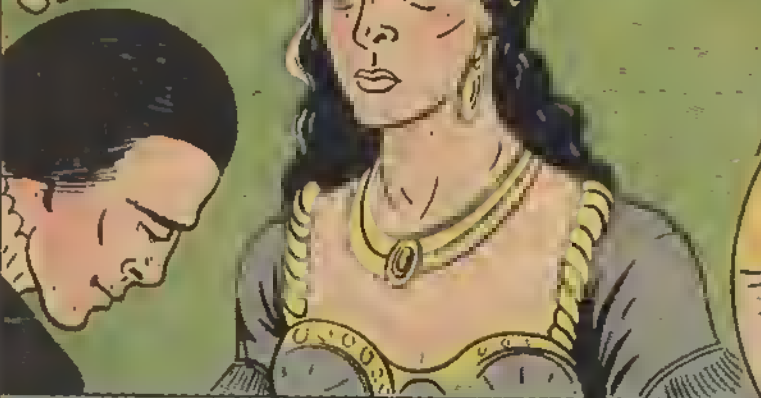
WHITE CANNIBAL



IN ELABORATE MEDIEVAL COSTUME MONSIEUR MANGIN SOLD PENCILS ON STREETS OF PARIS WHILE HIS SERVANT PLAYED ORGAN MUSIC FROM HIS RICHLY DECORATED CARRIAGE... AT HIS ACCUMULATED A

DEATH HE HAD FORTUNE OF \$500,000⁰⁰

CARABOO

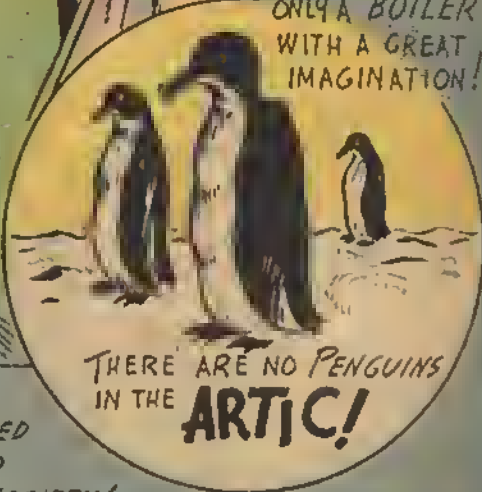


MARY BAKER, A SERVANT GIRL CONVINCED ALL ENGLAND THAT SHE WAS "CARABOO" AN EAST INDIAN PRINCESS KIDNAPPED BY PIRATES... SHE WAS EXPOSED BUT NOT UNTIL SHE HAD BEEN ROYALLY ENTERTAINED IN THE BEST ENGLISH SOCIETY!



LOUIS de ROUGEMONT

CLAIMED HE HAD BEEN A CANNIBAL CHIEFTAN FOR 30 YEARS. HIS WRITINGS AND LECTURE TOURS IN ENGLAND CONVINCED EVEN THE GREATEST SCIENTISTS... BUT ALAS! HE WAS ONLY A BUTLER WITH A GREAT IMAGINATION!



THERE ARE NO PENGUINS IN THE ARTIC!



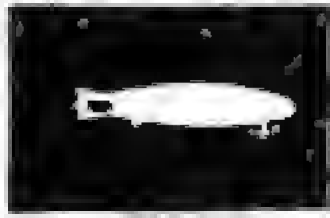
AVIATION WINGS



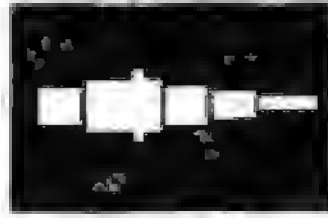
AVIATION METAL PIN



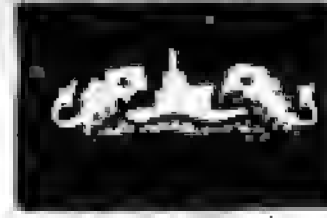
AIRCROGRAPHER



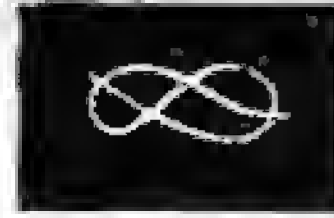
BOMB Afloat BADGE



GUV CAPTAIN



SUBMARINE SERVICE



EXPERT RIFLE



PLATOON



NAUTICAL CHART



MOUNTED GUNNER'S MARK



COOL HEAD



PIPER



BUCKSKIN BADGE



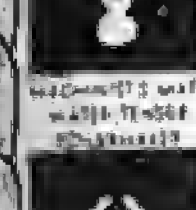
B



E



MACARTHUR'S MARK



MACARTHUR'S MARK



MACARTHUR'S MARK

Special to the readers of this magazine

A PORTRAIT PICTURE OF

GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

To the readers of this magazine we are giving a copy of a portrait picture drawn by a famous American artist of America's number one hero in the Battle of the Pacific. This picture of General MacArthur is 3 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches and is most suitable for framing. This picture can be obtained by reading the instructions below.

AMAZING

The COMICSCOPE is a camera PROJECTOR that measures seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide. By attaching it to any electrical lamp or socket which you have at home, AC or DC current, it is ready for use. Any one can operate it easily. All pictures, comic magazine strips, newspaper comics, daily and Sunday newspapers, can be used as "film" in the COMICSCOPE and flashed on the wall or screen. You can draw your own pictures, make your own "film" and project them. Now you can take your own Hollywood screen tests by projecting your own and family snapshots. There are no coupons to save. Astonish your friends and win new popularity. Give picture parties, charge admission, make money.



A REAL PROJECTOR

REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE PAT. PEND.

Actual size of the COMICSCOPE is seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide

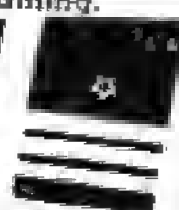
SCREEN YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS IN FULL COLOR

HOW TO GET YOUR GEN. MacARTHUR PICTURES ABSOLUTELY FREE!!

By simply cutting the coupon or making a facsimile of it, mail together with twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three cent stamp for handling and shipping, and you will receive, absolutely free, about FIFTY pictures of "MEET THE NAVY", together with a GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE projector. Everything else included, tube, lens. Act immediately, send the coupon and you will get your pictures and COMICSCOPE quickly, together with your picture portrait of General Douglas MacArthur suitable for framing.



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER



COMMANDER



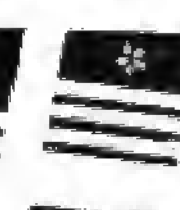
CAPTAIN



REAR ADMIRAL



VICE ADMIRAL



ADMIRAL



NAVY CROSS

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

M.L.J. MAGAZINES INC.
160 WEST BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Please rush at once the "MEET THE NAVY" series of pictures, absolutely free, and one GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE PROJECTOR, for which I am enclosing twenty-five cents in coin and a three cent stamp for handling and shipping. And a copy of a picture portrait, suitable for framing, of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, WITHOUT ANY ADDITIONAL COST.

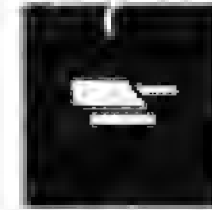
Name _____ (print clearly)

Address _____

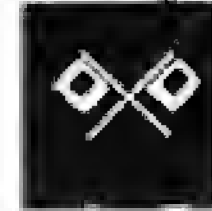
City _____ State _____

(Offer good in U.S.A. only. In Canada 5c extra)

Not necessary to send coupon — A facsimile will do.



FOREST CAPTAIN



SIGNALMAN



COAST GUARD



MASTER SHIP



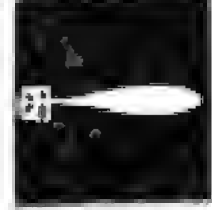
EXPERT RIFLEMAN



AFLOAT BADGE



PARATROOPER



TORPEDO



CONTROL



RADIO



X

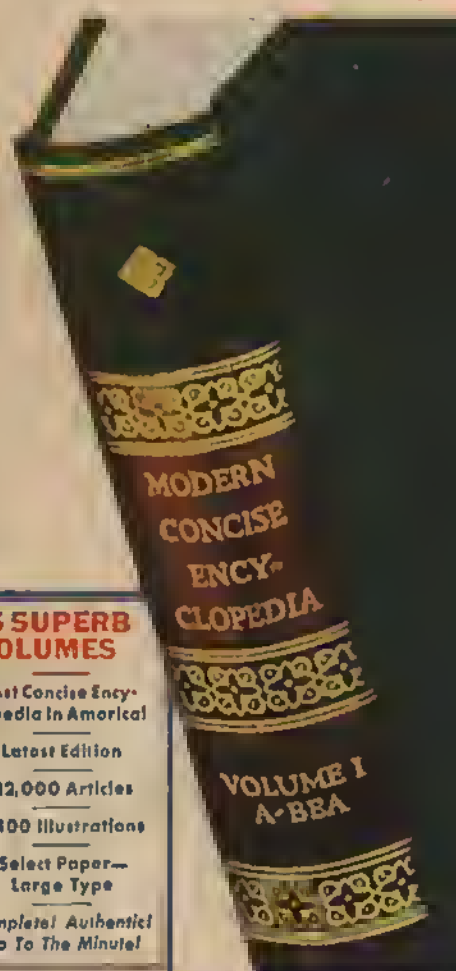


KEY

Amazing Gift Offer to "COMIC" Readers!

VALUABLE ENCYCLOPEDIA VOLUME

WORTH \$3⁰⁰ *YOURS* **7**¢ - AND A 3¢ STAMP



15 SUPERB VOLUMES

Finest Concise Encyclopedia in America!

Latest Edition

22,000 Articles

1,400 Illustrations

Select Paper—Large Type

Complete! Authentic! Up To The Minute!

No Strings! No Catches! Nothing to Buy!

Comic Readers! This volume is our outright gift! Merely send in the Gift Coupon below, enclosing only the small mailing cost. In return you receive this valuable 224-page book — Volume One of the MODERN CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA in the newest Edition! It's *don't* charge you one penny of what the volume cost us.

And more! If you wish, after you examine your gift volume, you can receive the rest of the big, 15-volume set ALMOST AS A GIFT!

FINEST CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA IN AMERICA—NEWEST EDITION

Imagine reading a beautiful, hand-drawn edition of the finest encyclopedia in America at NEXT TO NO EXPENSE! Books BIGGER than full library-size, handsomely bound in deep green cloth, stamped in red and gold—exclusively made volumes you will be proud to own. . . . That is a dream come true for untold thousands of white-neck, intelligent American families.

A Necessity for Every Home

Here is an encyclopedia written for 1937—to find in an instant the information you seek on History, Geography, Medicine, Industry, Finance, Music, Religion, and 72,000 MORE subjects. Illustrated with pictures, maps, and photographs made for this edition—a rich mine of information which you must have! FASTER than the average college education!

Every subject, written by high authorities, is in concise, easy-to-understand language, at just one glance. Information at a glance. Everything is so revealing that even your children will find these volumes to be invaluable aid in their schoolwork—and

you, too, will get them just as fast as you like. No book in the world would give you a NECESSITY for your home!

14 More Books—Almost A Gift!

When you receive your gift volume, you become entitled to an EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGE. It's yours in your name the rest of the fifteen volumes. And—after you wish to purchase the remaining 14 volumes, you can receive the entire set, not each week at that rate, off the price.

But you will not be charged for these volumes at their usual high cost—merely a privilege price that is just a fraction of their value—a price so small every reader will know he is receiving them **ALMOST AS A GIFT!**

Remember these are **great** encyclopedias—books ordinarily selling at prices so great as to be beyond the reach of the average family. This set of books gives you the same facts as an unparallelled set in Europe and in great libraries—what every parent, every magazine, every school has always wanted to own!

HOW EVERY READER GETS A GIFT BOOK

I'll be glad to mail the Gift Coupon at left enclosing it and a 3¢ stamp for the cost. This is to return only the cost of handling and mailing the book to you. The book itself is FREE—our gift to you in return for the cost of printing and mailing the rest of the set.

At the same time we return the other 14 volumes to your name, giving you the privilege of receiving these volumes as they come off the press. You can cancel this transaction if you wish after you receive and examine your gift book. But if you decide

not to cancel the transaction, you will receive the remainder of the set at the rate of one book each week, paying the publisher the SPECIAL GIFT PRICE—only 19¢ per volume, plus a small mailing charge—and NO MORE!

Send in for your gift volume TODAY and see why we tell this one of the most sensational offers ever made to Comic Readers.

Copyright
Book Club
Assoc. Plan
N. Y.
1937

COMIC READERS GIFT COUPON

BOOK GIVE-AWAY PLAN Enclose 1¢ and 3¢ stamp for 10¢ value to cover mailing cost.

P. O. BOX NO. 36
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me the gift Volume One of the Modern Concise Encyclopedia. I enclose 1¢ and 3¢ stamp for the cost to cover mailing cost on my gift book. Please also return the balance of a set in my name. After I examine my gift Volume One I can cancel this transaction; otherwise you may send me the rest of the set at the rate of a volume a week, and I will pay the publisher 19¢ the SPECIAL GIFT PRICE of only 19¢ a volume (plus a small mailing charge), and NO MORE!

VOLUME ONE IS MINE TO KEEP IN ANY CASE

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & STATE

